

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 967

JUNE 9, 1888

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

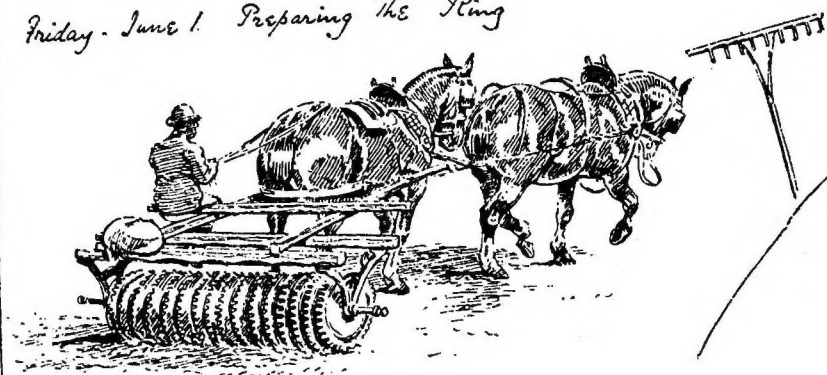
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]

Friday - June 1. Preparing The Ring



Friday - June 1. Arrival of a great northern lot, at Bedford Street.

DRABOLD

JUDGING HUNTERS. No. 1



JUDGING HUNTERS No. 2.
The Judges up.

"Hunters will Canter" (!!!!)

JUDGING HUNTERS. No. 3



The Lady Riders



The pride of her heart.



"Tie the jumping humber
on your back"

Great anxiety in The
Ring - The 3 best.
Which is to be First -
- The Judges confer. -

Topics of the Week

PREDATORY POLICY.—The motives which influence the temperance party to denounce the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill are altogether praiseworthy. They have convinced themselves, by some mental process which less virtuous folk cannot understand, that the publican personally is a foe to public morality, and they consequently wage war on him personally in that character. But those who look at the question from an impersonal stand-point see matters in a very different light. It is the trade, not the individuals who carry it on, that ought to be attacked. That, however, cannot logically be done, because the trade has received the national sanction for centuries, and the nation would, therefore, be attacking itself; a proceeding to which the public conscience has not yet been brought. Recognising this, the promoters of the agitation—which culminated in the assiduously-prepared Hyde Park demonstration—gibbet the publican as a malefactor of the deepest dye, who should feel thankful if he receives no worse punishment than confiscation. Is he so? What has he done? His wickedness is that he has carried on a certain necessary trade under stricter State control than any other English trade has to endure. He did not create a craving for stimulants among the people; it has existed from time immemorial, and even in many uncivilised lands, where there are no public-houses, the inhabitants get very comfortably drunk. The question is, therefore, whether these State-controlled traders have put themselves so far outside the law as to merit the penalty of absolute ruin. It would be that, and nothing less, to many of them were they deprived of their licences without compensation. Common justice certainly seems to say that, since the present system of licensing has become a part of our social machinery, it would be monstrously unjust to plunder those who have merely acted as its executive. That there is ample room for a large diminution of public-houses, no one will deny who knows the harm done by their multiplicity. But to carry out this most necessary reform at the exclusive cost of the publicans would be vicarious-virtue with a vengeance.

GENERAL BOULANGER.—A great many English people seem to have convinced themselves that General Boulanger did himself irreparable harm by his appearance in the Chamber on Monday. And no doubt this would be true if the maintenance of his influence depended on his power of delivering political orations. His speech was confused and self-contradictory, and in form it was dull and unimpressive. The General, however, did not make his fame as an orator, and it is not as an orator that he hopes to increase it. The secret of his power lies in the anarchical condition of political parties, and in the fact that no one of the ordinary leaders has yet succeeded in winning the confidence of great masses of the people. To the peasantry it probably seems a matter of small importance that he is unable to invent fine phrases, or even to state clearly a definite and logical programme. What they ask is whether he possesses the capacity of ruling strongly and wisely; and, strangely enough, they seem for the present disposed to answer this question in the affirmative. There is no sort of evidence that he is a man of political genius. On the contrary, all the evidence accessible to the world tends to show that it is only as a soldier that his talents are in any way exceptional. But, if he is believed to be equal to great duties, great duties may be thrust upon him; whether he is fit for them or not. That he himself is prepared to accept the loftiest position to which it is in the power of France to raise him, he showed with sufficient plainness in his manifesto on Monday. He affected, indeed, to have doubts as to the necessity for the Presidential office, but all the charges brought by him against the existing system implied that he thinks France needs a Dictator, and that he considers himself the only Frenchman to whom supreme authority can be safely entrusted. His pretensions may be ridiculous, but it does not at all follow that they will not be realised.

MR. JESSE COLLINGS.—A notable example of the rending-asunder influence of the Home Rule secession is afforded by the recent political career of this gentleman. Little more than two years ago Mr. Collings was a zealous supporter of Mr. Gladstone, though with more pronounced Radical beliefs than his leader, and he was also the prominent upholder of those agricultural reforms which are popularly embodied in the phrase "three acres and a cow." It was his amendment to the Address which, at the beginning of 1886, caused the Conservative Ministry to resign. But it was this resignation, followed as it was by a General Election, which precipitated Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Parnellism. Thenceforward he and Mr. Collings parted company. With the sole exception that he refuses to accept a separate and practically independent Government for Ireland, Mr. Collings is as staunch a Radical as he ever was; and that his zeal on behalf of the rural population has not abated is proved by his recent introduction of the Small Holdings Bill. But in all other respects he is a friendly adherent of the

Conservative Cabinet. Nor can this be wondered at, seeing the treatment which he has received from his former friends. Had the Gladstonians been wise, they would have treated the Dissident Liberals with delicacy and kindness. Had they acted thus, they might by this time have won back not a few of them. Instead of this they have persistently assailed them with calumny and abuse, thereby driving them more and more irrevocably into the enemy's camp. As the chosen friend of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Collings has been one of the chief sufferers from Gladstonian persecution. Eager to convert the Allotments' Association (for the real object of which they cared nothing at all) into a machine for the promulgation of Irish Home Rule doctrines, they ousted Mr. Collings from its presidency. The chief practical result of this intolerance is that a Rural Labourers' League, with Mr. Collings at its head, has been formed to take the place of the former organisation, and that, as was shown at the banquet given to Mr. Collings on Tuesday, both it and its president have the hearty support of Lord Hartington and the Liberal Unionists generally. Nevertheless, let a hope be here expressed that, amid all this partisan contention, Mr. Collings' life-long aims will not be lost sight of, but that every possible facility will be afforded for encouraging *bonâ fide* cultivators to occupy small tracts of land, if not as owners, at all events as tenants.

INVASION.—It seems fated for the question of our national defences to give rise to exaggeration on both sides. If the alarmist school spoke by the book England might be supposed to be absolutely at the mercy of any enterprising enemy. Our ships are, they declare, too few and too slow; they either have no guns, or those they have are certain to burst; they are destitute of ammunition; in a word, the boasted "First Line" is only fit to take a back seat. Nor is the Second Line in any better case; the artillery and cavalry are attenuated to mere skeletons, the auxiliary forces could not move a single mile, or remain in the field for a single week; there is no organisation whatever. Lord George Hamilton was justified in ridiculing such foolish talk as this; of such wind, panics are bred. But he fell into the other extreme when he underrated the possibility of invasion. His main argument is that the enemy would require nearly half a million tons of steam shipping to land 100,000 men on our coast, and that would overtax the maritime resources of even the strongest Continental Power. The arithmetical part of this contention is beyond cavil, but never were figures given a more deceptive appearance. What would happen were, say, France to suddenly declare war against England, with a view to invading the latter and capturing London? Every British ship in French ports would be instantly embargoed and converted into a transport, thus very largely increasing the available amount of tonnage. But Lord George Hamilton's cardinal error is his assumption that the enemy would have to transport the whole 100,000 men at one time, and to land them *en masse*. Half the number would be quite sufficient as an advanced party to seize and occupy some strong position on the coast, and, when they were landed, the transports which brought them over would return for another and another contingent. No doubt, some danger would attach to this method, but we feel assured that even the most fire-eating commander on the Continent does not believe in the possibility of invading England without serious peril.

THE IRISH EXHIBITION.—The opening of the Irish Exhibition on Monday was an event of considerable interest and importance. To most people it was a relief to find that the word "Irish" was at last applied to something with which political parties had nothing whatever to do. Among the patrons of the Exhibition are prominent Home Rulers and Unionists, and no one who thinks of going to Olympia need fear that indirect attempts will be made to convert him either to one side or to the other. When the arrangements are completed, the Exhibition will do much to diffuse accurate ideas as to the position of the leading industries of Ireland. Whether Ireland is ever to be a contented country depends mainly upon the answer which must be given to the question whether her industries are likely to be fully and wisely developed. Home Rule might or might not be successful, but it is certain that if the Irish people became prosperous they would be more disposed than they are at present to accept a reasonable settlement of their political difficulties. The Exhibition should help to prepare the way for this most desirable object, by showing what Irishmen can do even now, and still more by indicating what they might be capable of doing if they worked under conditions favourable to industrial growth. Happily, the organisers of the Exhibition have not limited their efforts to the promotion of material interests. They have sought to convey some impression of the charm which belongs to Ireland from the point of view of Art and archaeology. Visitors will see a good representation of the Round Towers, which are among the finest of her antiquities; and they will have an opportunity of studying many of the most interesting of her relics in stone, silver, gold, bronze, and iron. It is hoped, too, that the splendid Book of Kells may be displayed for some weeks. These treasures will delight a good many persons who find it hard to take much interest in linen, woollen goods, and whisky.

THE REGENT'S PARK AT NIGHT.—Not a word shall be said here commenting on the probable guilt or innocence of the youths who are now in custody on the charge of stabbing Rumbold, but a few remarks on the Park generally may not be out of place. This park differs from most other London pleasure grounds in the fact that it is purely a pedestrian's park, that the carriage-drives are all outside the park proper, the gates of which are regularly closed at dark throughout the year, a few unenclosed patches of ground excepted. It is these carriage-drives which are open throughout the night, and which, as far as accessibility by the public goes, are just like any other London streets, though, as the houses stand far back from the roadway, they are naturally rather lonely after dark. Either Londoners are very patient under annoyances, or else the three or more administrations who regulate the Park among them must do their duty pretty fairly, otherwise people would not have waited until this tragedy took place to make their complaints. Judging from the evidence adduced, Rumbold might quite as likely have met his death in the Marylebone Road, in which case nothing would have been heard of the condition of the Park after dark. It may be quite true that there are bands of young men who spend the evening strolling about with their sweethearts, who occasionally have faction-fights with other bands, and who sometimes select the outer roads of the Park as their promenading ground; but it does not follow from this that a complete revolution is required in the method of managing the Park. One reform certainly might be carried out. The unenclosed sections should be fenced in, and shut, like the rest of the actual Park, at dusk. If the gates leading to the carriage-roads, however, were closed at night, it would cause serious inconvenience to residents in the neighbourhood and others, for these roads form short cuts to many places, as the number of vehicles traversing them will prove. And partial closing would cause much bother and annoyance. We think, therefore, that a few very unobtrusive reforms will achieve all that is necessary as regards the public safety.

THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.—Were it not that the matter has a serious side, the game now being played between the London police and the American dynamiters would be comical enough. It begins with the voyage of some distinguished miscreant across the Atlantic, bringing many dollars and lethal weapons. On reaching the Old World he proceeds to hide himself, and when this is accomplished the police join in. The pastime then goes on merrily, variegated at times by treachery and bribery, until the Yankee player skedaddles back to the States, having spent all his money. On this happening, Scotland Yard lets it be known through the Press that its piercing eye was on the plotter throughout the whole of his proceedings, a revelation which causes John Bull to feel thankful for having such a vigilant police. Nor is this feeling of gratitude bestowed on unworthy objects. Had it not been for the knowledge that they were under surveillance, Walsh and Mackenna, the two latest emissaries from the Clan-na-Gael, would probably have crossed the Channel and hired some desperadoes to blow up buildings and destroy human life. But, knowing that they would be "nabbed" the moment they set foot on English soil, they remained at Paris until their wages were spent, and then returned to Omaha to boast of their heroic exploits. It is extraordinary that even the most crack-witted Fenian in America can believe in the efficacy of such farcical enterprises as these for the promotion of Irish independence. Some still do so, it is clear, or the dollars would not be forthcoming. Yet the Claimant is said to have discovered that his famous axiom about people with brains and people with money did not hold so good in the New World as the Old. He must have gone the wrong way to work; the fact that Walsh and Mackenna were plentifully furnished with funds during their not inexpensive sojourn at Paris goes far to prove that the States have among their shrewd population not a few with "plenty money, no brains."

FREDERICK III. AND PRINCE BISMARCK.—It is extremely improbable that Prince Bismarck and his new Imperial master will ever have any serious dispute about foreign affairs. Whatever the Emperor may think about the policy which led to the unity of Germany, he knows that its results must be maintained; and this object can be secured only by the methods which have been adopted by the Chancellor during the last seventeen years. It is far from unlikely, however, that about domestic affairs there may be much difference of opinion between the Emperor and his great Minister. Prince Bismarck recognises that in these days Parliaments are inevitable, but he has never affected to think that they are really useful institutions. They appear to him to be simply necessary evils, and his aim, both in Prussia and in the Empire, has always been to confine their power within the narrowest possible limits. Frederick III., on the contrary, is an ardent believer in the Parliamentary system. He has no wish to pursue any course that would be distasteful to the majority of his subjects, nor does he desire to use means to induce them to accept such opinions as commend themselves to his own judgment. He would even be willing, if circumstances were favourable to so great a change, to appoint his Ministers in accordance with the will of the most powerful party in the State. In short, he is a sound Liberal of the English type, whereas Prince Bismarck prefers Monarchical ideas of the kind that prevailed on the Con-

inent in "the good old times." This is no doubt the ultimate source of the difficulty about the Quinquennial Bill, and, if the Emperor becomes strong enough to give serious attention to politics, it is likely to lead to a good many other troubles. The Chancellor is too patriotic a statesman to retire into private life because he cannot have everything his own way; but he has so long possessed almost absolute power that it will not be easy for him to submit to any limitation of his authority.

THE DUTY ON BOTTLED WINES.—The policy adopted by Sir Robert Peel and his financial disciple, Mr. Gladstone, of sweeping away tax after tax, and trusting to obtain the whole of the national revenue from a few great sources, has never received the unqualified approval of far-seeing fiscal experts. It is a delightfully easy and popular course to pursue so long as the national wealth is advancing "by leaps and bounds," but when a reaction takes place, when industrial profits are reduced by trade depression and foreign competition, while the demands of the naval and military departments become heavier year by year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being must often regret that so few sources of revenue are open to his ingenuity. In the earlier years of the century, when John Bull was taxed both in his cradle and his coffin, and in almost everything else that came between those two receptacles, the imposition of an additional amount, or even of a fresh tax, was received with a kind of despairing resignation. For many years past, however, little or nothing of this nature has been attempted, and the favourite remedy for an apprehended deficit was an extra screw of the Income Tax, a burden which fell almost exclusively on the patient and much-enduring middle classes. Mr. Goschen's Budget difficulties this year arise, not from an actual deficit, but from a commendable intention to transfer certain revenues from Imperial to local objects. But he very soon found how difficult it was to impose a fresh tax without creating an outcry. The wheel-tax has had to be considerably modified; and now the bottled-wine duties, about which our French neighbours made a pother, and even threatened reprisals, have had to be whittled down. Under the altered plan, still wines are to be let alone, while sparkling wines above 15s. a gallon in value will pay 2s. 6d. per gallon, and those under 15s. in value will pay 1s. This cannot be called a very serious infliction, and, as it will produce 125,000l. a year, it is worth imposing.

OUR SUEZ CANAL PROPERTY.—Mr. Bradlaugh is a clever man enough, but it would need far greater skill in casuistry than he possesses to convince such a commercial people as the English that Lord Beaconsfield did not make a good bargain when he bought the Khedive's Suez Canal Shares. That purchase, so much derided at the time by Mr. Gladstone, now shows a net profit of more than six millions sterling, without any loss on our part whatever. It is the merest moonshine to pretend that our military intervention in Egypt was consequent upon our having become part owners of the Canal. Whether Lord Beaconsfield accepted or refused Ismail Pasha's tempting offer of his shares, England would have remained under the same paramount obligation to uphold her interests on the Nile, whether assailed by an Arab adventurer or by a French diplomatist. It is quite legitimate, of course, to question whether this property should be mortgaged to provide funds for purposes of Imperial defence. There is a sort of juggling look about this operation which does not consort with plain business methods. Mr. Goschen wishes the British taxpayer to believe, it is clear, that the fortification of the coaling stations and other works will be paid for without adding to his burdens. In a sense this is true, but only in a sense. Would it not come to precisely the same thing were we now to debit the expense to the Imperial Exchequer, and leave the Suez Canal shares free for a subsequent reduction of taxation? That, we suppose, would have been too commonplace a method; it is one of the penalties a country has to pay for having its financial affairs managed by a master, that everything he does must wear a character of originality and novelty. But, whatever use may be made of this godsend, it is sheer envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness to make pretence that Lord Beaconsfield did not show rare business aptitude in quickly closing with the offer of Ismail the Hardup. He had the gift, at all events, of knowing a good thing when he saw it, which is more, perhaps, than can be said of all who have ruled the destinies of England.

WOMEN AS VOTERS.—The other day the Committee on Women's Suffrage decided to present a memorial to Mr. W. H. Smith, asking him to give facilities for the discussion of the Women's Suffrage Bill. It may be hoped that he will do what he can to meet their wishes, for it cannot now be pretended that the subject is one which excites only a languid interest. Probably most people have been converted to the opinion that the Bill is certain sooner or later to become law. A large number of women are so enthusiastic about the measure, and agitate so persistently for the diffusion of their own ideas on the subject, that they cannot fail in the end to secure what they want. It used to be said that by taking part in politics women would lose the finer qualities of their nature, but so many of them have become politicians without any unpleasant change of character that opponents

of the scheme have ceased to lay much stress on this argument. The notion that women are intellectually unfit to vote at Parliamentary elections may almost be said to have been finally abandoned. The Government propose that they shall have the right to vote for members of the new County Boards; and it cannot be pretended that, if they are able to exercise this function wisely, the power of deciding as to the merits of candidates for seats in the House of Commons is beyond their capacity. The extension of the suffrage to women will not smooth the way to Utopia, but it will certainly be followed by some excellent practical results. It will secure that adequate attention shall be given to legislation relating to women and children; and feminine influence may be of essential service in the solution of many of those social problems which will by and by occupy much of the time and thought of the national representatives.

EXECUTIONS BY ELECTRICITY.—It is announced that on and after the first of January next criminals sentenced to death in the State of New York will be killed by electricity, instead of by hanging. It is difficult to regard this statement with unqualified satisfaction. Hanging is a very ancient method of putting malefactors to death, and has stood the test of experience remarkably well. Judging from the sensations of those who have been half-hanged, and then resuscitated, it is one of the least painful forms of violent death. Nor should it be forgotten that the modern system of hanging does not trust to the comparatively slow process of suffocation by means of the pressure of the rope on the windpipe. By using such a length of rope as will ensure a fall proportioned to the weight of the culprit, the neck is broken by the jerk, and death is practically instantaneous. It may be admitted that the punishment of hanging, when scientifically carried out, involves a certain amount of trouble and of skill on the part of the operators. Probably the electrical process will be far more simple and rapid. We shall do well, however, to beware of this simplicity and rapidity. Towards the end of the last century in France, when all sorts of innovations were in the air, philanthropic minds became exercised at the alleged cruelty and irregularity of the existing method which disposed of capital offenders by hanging them. The result was that a machine called the guillotine was invented or rediscovered, which, as one of its proposers humorously observed, "will whip off your head in the twinkling of an eye." It was the very rapidity and simplicity of this ominous instrument which caused it to be shortly afterwards used for a long series of the most cold-blooded and detestable judicial massacres on record. Human passions are still what they ever were, and may there not be an equally sinister future for executions by electricity?



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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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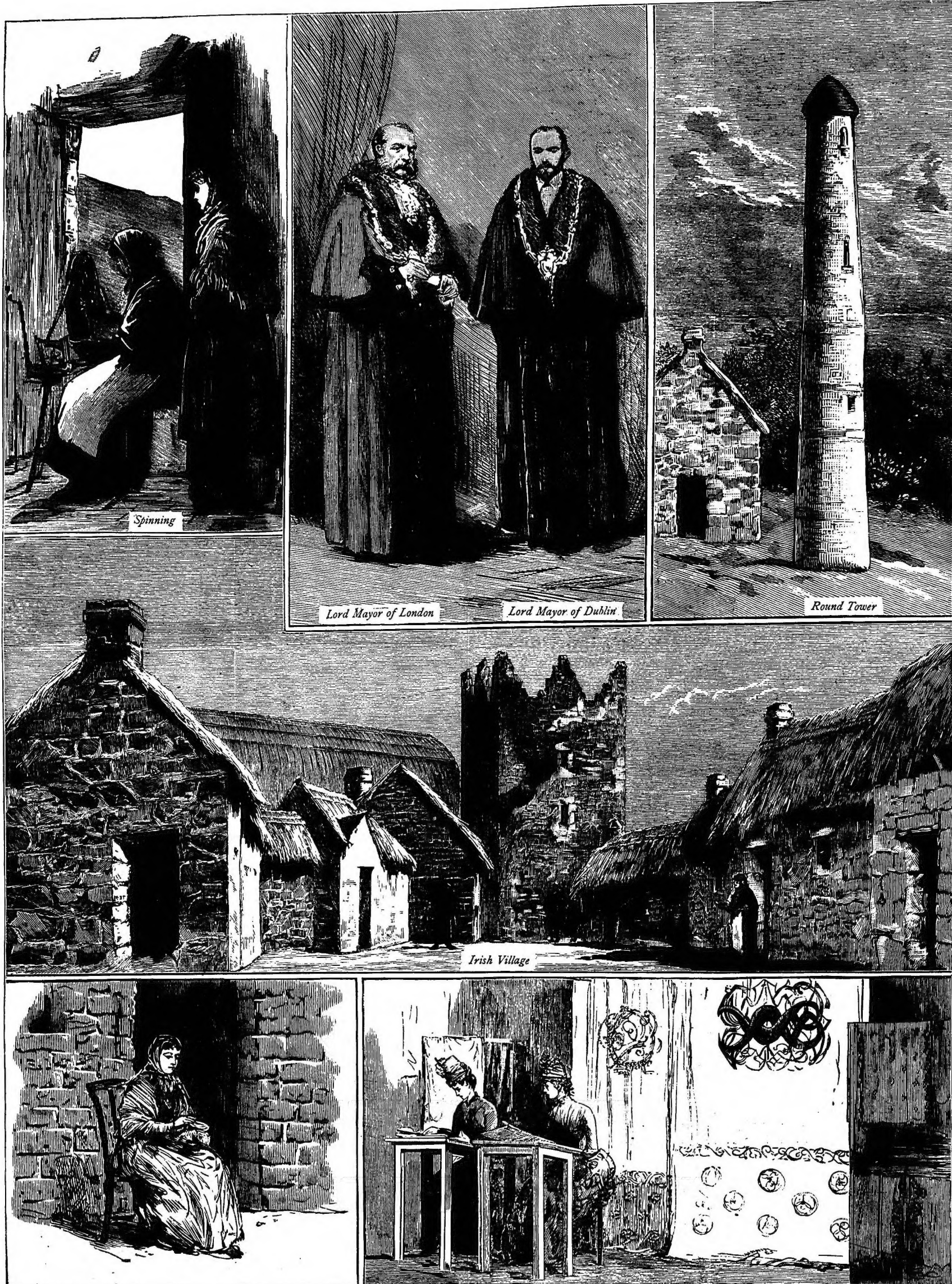
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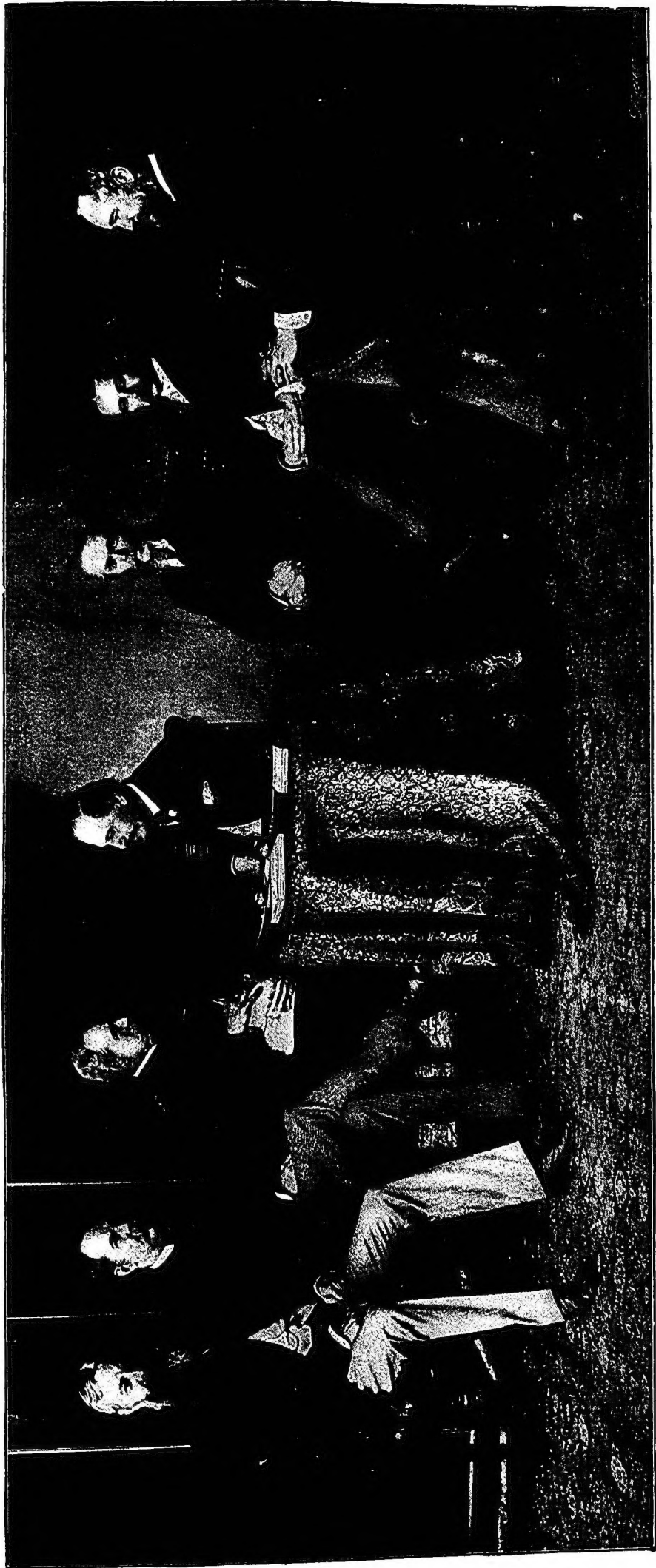
The Day Express Train leaving London (Euston) at 10.0 a.m., now arrives at Glasgow (Central) and Edinburgh (Princes Street) at 7.0 p.m., instead of 8.0 p.m. Passengers for Larbert, Sterling, Oban, Perth, and the North are conveyed by an additional Express leaving Euston at 10.0 a.m. instead of by the 10.0 a.m. train. The 10.30 a.m. train also conveys traffic to Kendal, Windermere, Barrow, the Furness District, Penrith, and the Lakes.
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G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N.W.R.
J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.
Euston Station, June, 1888.

THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS, THE BALTIC, &c.—The

Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," 1,804 Tons register, 1,500 Horse Power, R. D. Lunham, Commander, will be despatched from Tilbury Dock as follows:
21st JUNE for 16 days' cruise to the LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.
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Sir Auckland Colvin
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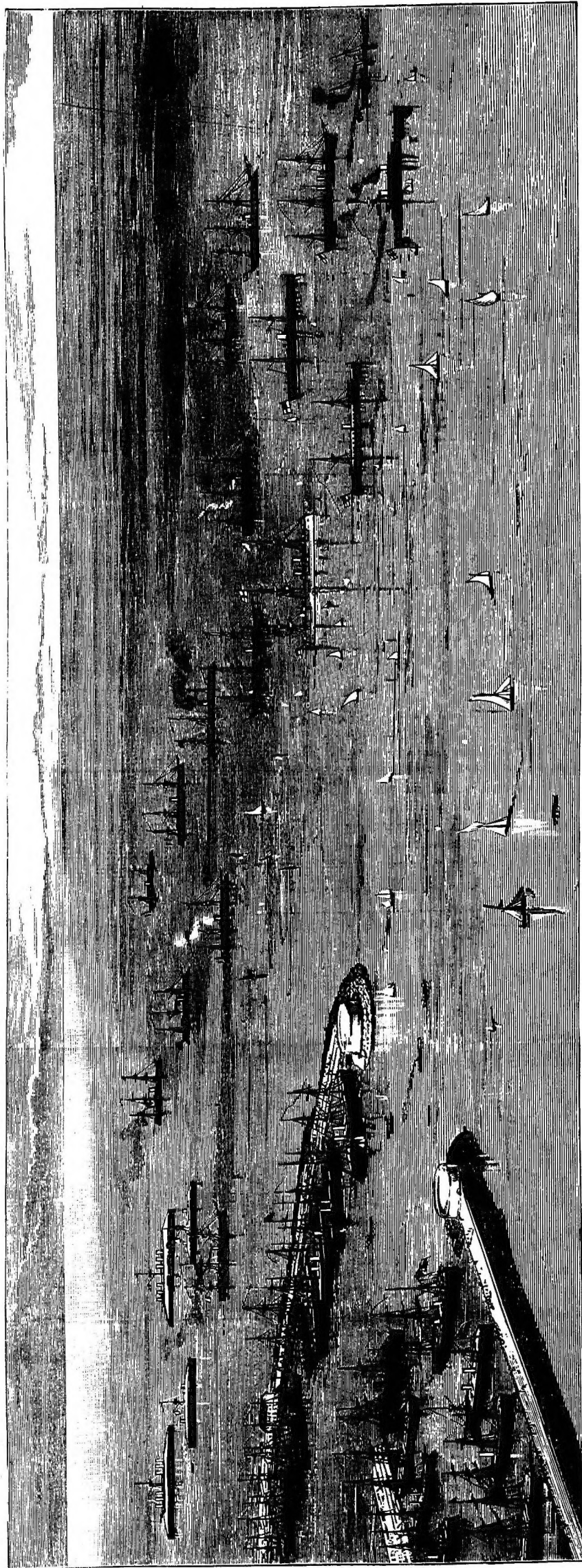
Lord Dufferin
(Governor-General)

Sir T. C. Hope

General G. T. Chesney

Sir J. T. Peile

THE RETIRING GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA AND HIS COUNCIL



THE ROADSTEAD AND PART OF THE HARBOUR OF BARCELONA, SPAIN
WITH THE FLEETS ASSEMBLED FOR THE OPENING OF THE BARCELONA EXHIBITION

kindly lent for the purpose by M. Heimberg, proprietor of the Hôtel Righi Vaudois. For several years past, however, it has been felt that a permanent place of worship ought to be provided, not only for the numerous English-speaking visitors, but also for the Swiss residents, who have hitherto had no church nearer than Montreux. Through the kindness of Mademoiselle Müller, proprietor of the Hôtel Victoria at Glion, whose exertions on behalf of the church have been unwearied, an excellent site was freely placed at the Society's disposal two years ago, and by July, 1887, the building was in a sufficiently forward state to be used for service. The Eglise Libre of the Canton Vaud have contributed towards the cost of erection, and the Free Church Ministers from Montreux hold services in the church every Sunday in summer, and on alternate Sundays in winter. The church stands in the part of Glion in which any extension in the village is most likely to take place, and is within five minutes' walk of all the hotels where English travellers are found.

It is unnecessary to call attention to the exceeding loveliness and undying interest of the spot where the church is situated. No one who has ever seen or read of the Lake of Geneva can fail to have some memories and associations of various kinds and hues connected with Vevey, Clarens, Chillon, the Dent du Midi, the Alps of Savoy, and it is on these that the church looks.

WITH THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION

OUR illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant Hudleston, R.A., and represents a reconnaissance near the British encampment at Gnatong, which was recently attacked by the Tibetans. The sketch gives some idea of the general features of the country, and of the facilities afforded to an attacking enemy ready to avail themselves of cover. The Tibetans, to judge from the accounts of the action which have come to hand, showed themselves well aware of these advantages, and crept quietly up to us through the jungle, keeping admirably under cover, and rarely exposing themselves in the slightest degree until within a comparatively short distance of our entrenchments. To return, however, to the sketch, which was taken about a fortnight before the attack. Lieutenant Hudleston writes: "The Tukola Pass, on the road to Tibet, is 13,600 feet above sea-level, and is the highest point yet reached by our force. My sketch was taken beyond Tukola, in the Kophu Valley, and shows a reconnaissance in force, with the guns in action, while the Derbyshire Regiment advance to look into the Jalepla Pass between the two highest peaks. A large lake is on the right of the guns, and afforded a certain amount of temptation, as a number of ducks were seen on it. The enemy fled up the steep peak on the left of the Pass—letting off booby-traps of large stones, which, however, effected nothing worse than a good deal of noise, and we then retired, having ascertained all we required. Gnatong, where we are now staying, is some six miles on the Tibet side of Lingtu."

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS

THE present team is the sixth which has visited us since 1878, when the Australians for the first time invaded our cricket-fields. Mr. Blackham, "the prince of wicket-keepers," still wonderfully alert though hardly so safe as of yore, and Mr. Bannerman, steadiest and most patient of "stonewallers," are the only representatives of the original team. Mr. McDonnell, who captains the present combination, has been over two or three times. He is well known for his hitting powers, and is a very fast run-getter on bad wickets. Mr. Bonnor, with his six feet six inches, is a familiar figure to British cricketers, and is the terror of loose bowlers, while Messrs. Jones, Boyle, and Jarvis, are none of them newcomers. But the chief interest taken in the present team is due to two of the new arrivals, Messrs. Turner and Ferris. Tidings of their exploits with the ball in their own land had often reached the old country, and there was great eagerness to see how they would perform over here. For once, expectation was not disappointed. In the first six matches they were so uniformly destructive that quite a reign of terror set in. The thanks of English cricketers are due, therefore, to Mr. W. G. Grace, and the other Gentlemen of England, for showing us that Messrs. Turner and Ferris can be hit all over the field like other bowlers. Of Messrs. Lyons, Worrall, Edwards, and Trott, little need be written. They are all good men and true, as is also Mr. C. W. Beal, who again fills the responsible part of manager to the team.—Our engraving is from a photograph taken at Norbury Park, by James Russell and Sons, of Wimbledon.

OLD PRINT SHOWING THE INTENDED FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND

DURING the long war between England and France, which raged, with two brief lulls, from 1793 to 1815, two serious preparations were made for the invasion of England. The first of these was in 1801, when Boulogne, and every other harbour along the coast, was crowded with flat-bottomed boats, and the shores covered with the camps of the men who were designed to fill them. The second and more serious attempt was made in 1803-4, when the war recommenced after the short breathing-time granted by the Peace of Amiens. At this time, Boulogne being pitched upon as the principal port of embarkation, its harbour and roads were made capable of containing two thousand vessels of various descriptions. As the engraving which we have reproduced bears no date, we are unable to say to which of these two periods it refers, but that which makes it interesting at the present time is that it (jokingly, of course) embodies the conception of a Channel Tunnel. It will be observed that the military operations on the water and in the air partake of the nature of a feint, the real business is being done underground. The artist little thought that a time would come when such a scheme would be seriously contemplated, and when its realisation would be prevented, not by engineering difficulties, but by fears on the English side of the Strait. It is quite possible that, if the Gladstonian party return to office, Sir Edward Watkin will be allowed to carry out his pet project. Sincerely do we hope that that day may be far distant, for the tunnel will practically continentalise England; and, in case of war with France, will greatly lessen the difficulty of invading our shores. If the Dover end were seized by a *coup de main*, the French would have a tube at their disposal through which they might pour 100,000 men into Kent.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, V.

MR. LEADER, although accused by some of the critics of being a mere literal transcriber of Nature, is one of the most popular of our landscape painters, and no wonder, for his pictures are very delightful to look upon. Mr. Leader is very fond of water. Usually it is a broad placid river, with a picturesque town planted on the opposite bank. In "The Sands of Aberdovey," however, he takes his admirers to a Welsh sea beach, with a background of mountains.—Mr. Yeames' picture of "The Royal Standard" loses a good deal by being only reproduced in black and white. The general effect is greatly enhanced by the brilliant hues of the gay banner upon which the young ladies are working so assiduously. —"The Morning of Agincourt" is a vivid rendering by Mr. S. E. Waller of the scene so forcibly presented by Shakespeare in the opening of the fourth Act of *Henry V.*—Mr. Hodgson in placing the British Blue-jacket in humorous juxtaposition with impassible Orientals, and Mr. Walter Horsley—with less perception of humour, however—is fond of depicting similar contrasts. Here we have the drum-major stalking majestically at the head of the band along one of the narrow thoroughfares of the Egyptian capital, with the usual motley

crowd coolly watching the spectacle.—Mrs. Perugini is always at her best when depicting child-life. It may be presumed that both the fruit and its holder in "An American Apple" hail from the Great Republic of the West.—Of Mr. Edwin Douglas's "Fantails" it is enough to say that it makes a very pretty picture. —In "Within the Shadow of the Church," Mr. Frank Dicksee has expressed pathetically the same idea which Mr. Storey has treated humorously in his study of the priest who is bringing his stockings to be darned by a buxom member of his flock.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 609.

PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, II., MR. EDWIN LONG, R.A.

See page 613.



POLITICAL.—The Liberal Union Club gave a banquet on Tuesday to Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., in proposing whose health the Marquis of Hartington, the chairman, eulogised his services both to the Unionist cause and to that of the agricultural labourer. The Gladstonians had made use of his championship of the latter to turn out the last Conservative Government. They then dropped the question which had seated them in office, and not only so, but also obstructed the Allotments Bill brought in by the Conservative Government last Session. When that measure had been passed, in spite of them, they proceeded to eject him from the presidency of the Allotments Association, which he had founded. However, Mr. Collings had founded a new association which he, Lord Hartington, had joined.—On Wednesday there was a considerable efflorescence of political oratory. At Sheffield Lord Spencer laboured hard to prove that the Ireland which he governed was very different from the Ireland of to-day, and needed a policy then which was inapplicable now. At the same time he candidly admitted his error in recently stating that when he was Lord-Lieutenant no sentences had been increased on appeal.—At Hackney, Sir George Trevelyan paraded his latest discovery of Ministerial crime. The Wheel Tax was to be imposed for the benefit of the ground landlords of London, the "unearned increment" of whose rentals he denounced.—At the annual dinner of the Cecil Club Lord Cranbourne criticised with much spirit the past and present tactics of Mr. Gladstone and the Opposition, and referring to the ex-Premier's expressed intention to redress the tarnished honour of England, reminded him of his desertion of Gordon, and his surrender after the affair of Majuba Hill.—The Hon. Evelyn Ashley (L.U.) has been accepted as the Unionist candidate for the Ayr boroughs. In reply to a deputation of local teetotallers, he said that while he could imagine cases in which he would be favourable to compensation to publicans, he thought that the compensation clauses of the Local Government Bill were objectionable, and ought to be modified or dropped. At the last election Mr. Campbell (LU) defeated the Gladstonian candidate by a majority of 1,175. The polling is fixed for Friday, the 15th inst.

MR. BRIGHT continues to make favourable progress towards convalescence. The Queen has more than once telegraphed inquiries respecting his condition.

AT AN INFLUENTIALLY-ATTENDED meeting in the City, on Tuesday, Mr. J. H. Tritton presiding, resolutions were adopted declaring the state of the national defences to be such as to give reason for anxiety, and suggesting the holding of similar meetings in all parts of the Kingdom. Among the speakers were Lord Alcester, Admiral Colomb, and Lord Charles Beresford, who deduced from the official statements that in 1890 England would have sixty-one cruisers, over thirteen knots, while France would have forty-one and Russia twenty-one; thus, these two powers combined, would be stronger in cruisers than ourselves.—At a meeting of the Royal United Service Institution on Wednesday, when a paper was read on the physical training of the soldier, Lord Wolseley presided, and after speaking of the degeneration of the physique of our manufacturing population, and of the improvements of the same class in Germany and France which will result from the universal military training of the people, declared there to be a general consensus of opinion among military experts that an invasion of this country is quite possible.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY received on Tuesday a deputation of trustees of the National Portrait Gallery to urge the desirability of providing for the collection the permanent home which was promised after it had been two years at Bethnal Green. Mr. W. H. Smith acknowledged the reasonableness of the request, which would be very carefully considered, and said that as far as possible any engagement entered into would be fulfilled. But the Government could not build without money, and money was not easily got from the House of Commons.

IRELAND.—Sir Joseph McKenna, Parnellite M.P. for South Monaghan, has refused a request to endorse resolutions adopted by other Nationalist M.P.'s, protesting against the Papal Rescript. He believes that there are questions of morality which, while they cannot be excluded from the area of politics, are also within the domain of religion. No doubt, he says, the Phoenix Park murderers thought that they were political actors; and is not the Pope, he asks, to interfere in Irish politics, when they involve the morals of Catholics?—In spite of the bluster of the Nationalist leaders, what they stigmatise as "Balfourism" is producing some very wholesome fruit. At the monthly meeting of the Cork Defence Union the Secretary reported that he now experienced little difficulty in getting men with families to reside on, and take care of, evicted estates, when formerly intimidation made it impossible to procure men of that class. He also reported a continued improvement in the relations between every class of people, and it had been often remarked to him by men in business that it was hardly possible to believe what a change for the better had been effected within the last few months.

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in his seventy-first year, of the ninth Earl of Seaford, who, from 1868 to 1874, was Conservative M.P. for the Counties of Elgin and Nairn; in his sixty-third year, of Sir Philip Miles, Bart., from 1878 to 1885, M.P. for East Somerset; of Mr. Justice Johnston, of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, formerly Deputy-Recorder of Leeds; in his seventy-ninth year, of General George Alexander Malcolm, who distinguished himself in the China War; in his eightieth year, of General Frederick D. George, Colonel of the 22nd Cheshire Regiment; of the Rev. C. B. Chalker, Canon of Carlisle Cathedral, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Carlisle; in his sixty-first year, of Mr. Bernard Croacroft, formerly of the Stock Exchange, known not only for his works on monetary and financial subjects, but as a miscellaneous essayist and contributor to the *Saturday Review*; in his thirty-ninth year, of Mr. John Snodgrass, jun., the author of some masterly translations of Heine; of Mr. George

Parker Brockbank, a prominent promoter and organiser of Masonic charities; in his sixty-second year, of Mr. William Winn, Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, author of many vocal works; and of Mr. W. M. Ridley, an artist of talent, who died very suddenly. Many of the readers of our early numbers will recollect a remarkably clever series of drawings of "Pitmen in the Coal Districts," showing his power as a draughtsman; and a portrait of Mrs. Ridley, in the Royal Academy of this year, is a capital example of his delicate treatment of colour as an oil painter. He will, however, perhaps be best remembered by his powers as a teacher, as he had of late years established a school of painting for students, which was very successful, and which, had he lived, might have become of still greater importance.



A STRIKE OF PRIESTS is horrifying all devout Roman Catholics in the Argentine Republic. The Government having issued an order lowering the fees for masses, marriages, burials, and other ecclesiastical functions, the priests determined to resist such an encroachment on their privileges, and refused to officiate. So all the churches are closed, and not a bell is to be heard, as if the whole country were under an edict.

M. JOVIS' PROPOSED BALLOON TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC is far outdone by the Transatlantic scheme of a monster airship to carry 100 passengers, which is actually to be favourably reported on to Congress. This construction would be a steel cigar-shaped vessel 600 feet long, which, when the air was sufficiently exhausted, was expected to have a lifting force of over 100,000 lbs., apart from the weight of the ship and machinery.

THE NORWEGIAN SNOW-SHOE EXPEDITION TO GREENLAND are in high hopes of a favourable season for their experiment. The members are gathering at the Faroe Islands, and Dr. Nansen, the leader, hears that the drift-ice from Eastern Greenland has been driven away towards Iceland by strong north-west winds. The West and North Coasts of Iceland are fairly beset with this ice, and Dr. Nansen thinks that this movement of the ice augurs well for an open season.

VEGETARIANS WILL TRIUMPH in the testimony to their doctrines afforded by a Bengalese tribe, the Oswals of Marwar. While cholera rages on all sides of these people, not one has ever taken the disease, much less succumbed to it, and they attribute their immunity to their frugal habits. According to the precepts of their religion, they never touch animal food nor spirituous liquors, they dine early, and sup only on milk and fruit. Wherever an Oswal goes, he never breaks these rules.

NOVELTY IN FLORAL DECORATIONS for dinners and balls is now so eagerly sought by London hostesses that they may like to hear of some elaborate real flower designs at a recent Floral Fair in California. A ladder of roses and an artist's palette of brilliant crimson blossoms were amongst the simplest, though most effective designs, but they could not compare with a "rose drawing-room," where a whole miniature room and its furniture were moulded of vari-coloured roses. A chapel of roses, a mimic lawn of moss laid out with flower-beds and lakes, and the model of a musical institute and grounds, were all in natural flowers, while the prettiest device presented the first few bars of "Home, Sweet Home," the lines being in green moss and the notes in flowers.

M. TISZA, the Hungarian Premier, whose recent attack upon France has aroused so much ire in Gallic political circles, is a solid, well-built Hungarian, verging on sixty years of age. His black hair and beard are changing colour, but he still retains his piercing eye and haughty expression, which tell—and rightly, it is said—that his temper is not very good. He is of somewhat bourgeois type, lacking the usual aristocratic appearance of the true Hungarian. Though not a brilliant man, M. Tisza is energetic, intelligent, and thoroughly acquainted with the varied characteristics and needs of the Monarchy which he has virtually governed since 1875. Up to that time he belonged to the Moderate Opposition party; but then he approved the Emperor's conciliatory policy in the Government of the Dual Monarchies, and in a few months entered the Cabinet.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S SPEECH in favour of revising the Constitution, which caused so much stir in the French Chamber on Monday, has given a fresh impetus to the Boulangist propaganda in Paris, especially among the street-sellers of party emblems. Thus a new Boulangist medal has been brought out, bearing the General's portrait, with the inscription "General Boulanger, Deputy for the Nord, 172,528 votes, 15th April, 1888." The reverse shows a triangle, where the Republican formula, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, is entwined on the three sides with the Boulangist motto, Dissolution, Revision, Constitution. The hero of the day is evidently anxious to avoid even the shadow of an evil omen, and thus has re-numbered his house in the Rue Dumont d'Urville, formerly No. 13, but now No. 11 bis.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has made several fresh purchases of late. The most important is the picture of "The Card Players," recently sold from Lord Monson's collection, and variously attributed to Nicholas, Maas, and Fabritius. Competent authorities favour Maas as the painter, and at all events the work is a fine example of the Rembrandt School. It represents a young man and woman seated at a table, the figures being life-size. The girl is fair, and wears a red dress, while the young man, evidently an officer, is clad in a grey and silver doublet, and furred cloak. Next comes a portrait by Van der Helst, a half-length of a young girl in a blue and white satin dress. The portrait of Endymion Porter, by Dobson, was also bought at the Monson sale, and is good as regards the figure, the background being weak. Three small panels deal with Scriptural subjects—two by Mocetto, a Veronese artist of the fifteenth century, belonging to the Bellini School, depict "The Massacre of the Innocents," and the third is a "Christ Preaching in the Temple," by Pedro Campana, of the Flemish-Italian School in the sixteenth-century. A valuable gift comes from M. de Zoete, "A Virgin and Child," by Morales, the rare Spanish master of the sixteenth century.

LONDON MORTALITY again declined last week, and 1,323 deaths were registered, against 1,361 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 38, being 209 below the average, and at the rate of 16.1 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any week since the beginning of last October. There were 24 from measles (a rise of 1), 19 from scarlet fever (an increase of 2), 26 from diphtheria (a rise of 7), 37 from whooping-cough (a fall of 24), 9 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 10), 1 from choleraic diarrhoea, and not one from small-pox, typhus, or ill-defined forms of fever. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 237 (a rise of 9, but 26 below the average). Different forms violence caused 73 deaths, 59 were result of negligence or accident, among which were 25 from fractures and contusions, 2 from burns and scalds, 13 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 11 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eleven cases of suicide were registered, being 1 above the average. There were 2,491 births registered, being 172 below the average.



1. ENGINEERING AND METAL TURNING

2. WOOD CARVING

3. CARPENTRY AND JOINERY

4. ELECTRICITY CLASS

5. DRESSMAKING

6. PLUMBING

7. TAILORING

8. MODELLING IN CLAY—A YOUNG BEGINNER

9. ART SCHOOL

THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END



GENERAL BOULANGER has spoken, and FRANCE is now in possession of his views on her political situation. These, however, do not appear to be of that novel and startling character which had been prophesied by his admirers, and moreover were set forth not in a fiery impassioned speech, but in a lengthy manuscript, compiled, as his own journals admit, by a "collaborateur," and which the General conscientiously read through to the Chamber on Monday. He began by alluding to the demonstrations which had been made in connection with his name, and these he interpreted into meaning that France was uneasy, felt insecure, and wanted a new régime, the very opposite of the anarchical and anti-democratic rule which was weighing her down. He then repeated his former assertions that the Government was merely the property of a group, and that the deputies as soon as they took their seats only served the ambitions of coteries, while Ministers, wholly dependent on the caprice of the Chamber, were the servile tools of parliamentary coalitions. Having thus denounced the existing conditions of things he passed on to his long-expected remedial proposals. First, with regard to the President. France, he thought, would easily grow accustomed to do without one, but she was not yet ripe for the idea to which he was personally inclined. The Chief of the State, however, should have power, and not be a "mere log," and the Ministers, who should have no seat in the Chamber, should be solely responsible to him and not to Parliament, whose duty it was to make laws and not to govern. While investing the "Chief of the State" with dictatorial powers he was careful to remark that, as for a dictatorship, a Constituent Assembly would prevent any such danger. France could do very well without the Senate, but if that body is to be retained it should be elected by universal suffrage, and accorded very restricted powers. On all questions exciting serious conflict of opinion, such for instance as the relations between Church and State, there should be a direct appeal to the country, as in Switzerland. Such reforms as these, he remarked, would usher in an era of peace and order, there would be stability in place of constant crises, the long-delayed social reforms would be effected, and France would at last have "fixed regular Governments." The General had been noisily and constantly interrupted throughout, but the implication that France does not possess a regular Government produced a perfect uproar. The General, however, imperturbably read on, merely remarking that he would not be drawn into a discussion, and declared that France offering foreign Governments the "steady relations which led to durable understandings" would be honoured and powerful, and would find that peace which was so desired by and necessary to her. He concluded by warning the Deputies that if they declined to convene a Constituent Assembly to consider these reforms, the outcry for dissolution would increase, and accordingly asked them to accept his resolution that the Constitution should be revised.

General Boulanger was followed by the Duc de Rochefoucauld, who on the part of the Royalists declared that though they did not support the General's policy of Dictatorship they would vote for revision, as they wished for a dissolution, and believed that the country would then perceive that monarchy offered its only means of safety. Next came the turn of the other extreme parliamentary section, with M. Félix Pyat as spokesman, who equally repudiated General Boulanger, and declared that he should vote for Revision, as he had always been opposed to a Presidency. Then M. Floquet got up and asked the Chamber to reject the resolution, which was a copy of others, and superfluous, as the Government was pledged to Revision, though not at the time selected by General Boulanger. He then, in unequivocal language, denounced the Cæsarism which was the upshot of the "vague and contradictory" doctrines expounded by the General, and pointed out that these doctrines had already twice made their appearance when France "was tired of grand struggles for liberty" once at the end of the first French Revolution, and a second time in 1851, when "Bonaparte II. likewise proclaimed the impotence of Parliaments and the blessings of One-man Government." He twitted General Boulanger with his age (51), and told him that he would be merely "the Sièyes of a still-born Constitution." M. Clemenceau also delivered a telling speech in favour of Parliamentary Government, and finally the resolution was thrown out by 377 votes to 186—of the latter only twenty-nine were the General's avowed supporters.—M. Floquet's speech being ordered to be placarded throughout France. The popular opinion is, that General Boulanger has done himself more harm than good by his speech, which, after so much preliminary mystery, has only advocated theories and propositions which have been constant subjects of discussion, and, in many cases, of experiment, for the past century. The speech has thrown all other topics into the shade, but we should mention that M. Goblet has been greatly praised for a very moderate speech regarding Herr Tisza's utterances last week, and for firmly declining to adopt any retaliatory measures on German residents in Eastern France, in consequence of the vexatious passport regulations imposed by Germany.

IN GERMANY some uneasiness has been caused in political circles by another rumoured disagreement between the Emperor and his Cabinet—this time not on a family matter—but regarding the Bill substituting quinquennial for triennial Parliaments, which was recently passed by the Prussian Diet. The Emperor does not approve of the Bill, and, though giving his consent, wished to accompany its publication with a rescript from Herr Von Puttkamer, the Home Minister practically guaranteeing that the Bill would in no way tend to influence or impair popular freedom of election. Prince Bismarck went to see the Emperor on Tuesday, and it is probable that the matter may be smoothed over. The Emperor continues to be fairly well, and bore the journey last week from Charlottenburg to Friedrichskron exceedingly well. He embarked on board the Imperial yacht *Alexander*, which was commanded for the occasion by the Crown Prince, and steamed to the Glienicke Bridge, whence he started for Friedrichskron. The river and lakes were densely crowded to the water's edge with enthusiastic spectators, while special steamers led the way and tried to keep the course clear—a task of some difficulty owing to the great mass of small boats filled with loyal sightseers. It is expected that if the Emperor's condition continues to be favourable, that he will go for a short time to Homburg.

IN EASTERN EUROPE, the chief news relates to the renewed action of Russia in pressing the Porte once more for the regular payment of the Turkish War indemnity, which is in arrears to the tune of 700,000*l.*, and it is shrewdly expected that the demand is made in order to afford a pretext for the suggestion that the debt might be wiped off by ceding a strip of territory, or an excuse for the occupation of some coveted port—say, for one, Trebizonde. Turning to CENTRAL EUROPE, the war rumours have been quiescent this week, and the German official press has discovered some friendly articles in the *Grashdanin*, and dwells on the fact that the Czar has commissioned the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg to convey some "very friendly assurances" to the Emperor Frederick. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY also seems in a less bellicose mood, and M. Tisza, on being interpellated on his recent anti-French utterances, declared in the Hungarian Lower House that he never had the inten-

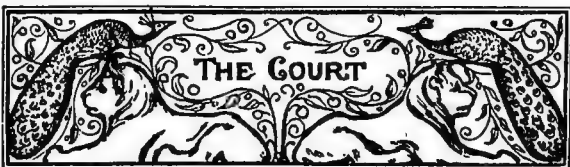
tion of insulting, nor was he aware that he ever did insult, a "nation with which we are living and wish to live at peace." The Delegations were to meet at Pesth yesterday (Friday), and the first question will be the voting of three or four millions sterling for the new military and naval armaments.

IN INDIA there seems to be very little prospect of any speedy settlement of our difficulties with Tibet, and it is thought that a further and more formidable attack on our position is in contemplation. Large numbers of the enemy have been seen crossing and recrossing the Jelep Pass, while a fort with high stone walls has been erected on rising ground in the centre of the valley leading up to the Pass, over the top of which large numbers of tents are visible, indicating that the Tibetans are massing their forces in readiness for another attack. Turning to India proper, Sir Lepel Griffin, in his administrative report on Central India, praises the Gwalior administration, and states that the Maharajah is a boy of great promise. He does not speak so hopefully of Holkar, who, he remarks, greatly neglects the administration of Indore, and does not realise the promise of good government he made on his accession to power. Bhopal, also, is in an unsatisfactory condition, while the young Maharajah of Rewah has been removed from the demoralising influence of the zenana, and the boy's health and character have greatly improved. Another offer of assistance for frontier defence comes from the Maharajah of Oodeypore, who places six lakhs and his troops at the disposal of the Indian Government.

BURMA is as disturbed as ever. There have been further outbreaks near Tavoy, where the recently-appointed Myoke, or subordinate magistrate, of Nabulay has been murdered. Mr. Powell, an officer of the Survey Department, has also been murdered by Burmans, on the 27th ult., in the Shan Hills, at the village of Salmin. Several successful encounters between the military police and the dacoits have been reported, and the Chins have now almost all retreated to their hills, carrying off twenty-seven captives.

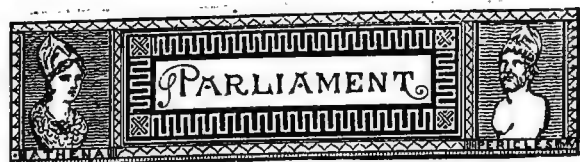
IN THE UNITED STATES the Democratic National Convention to choose the Democratic candidate for the Presidency assembled at St. Louis, on Tuesday, Mr. Stephen M. White taking the chair, and delivering the opening address. On Wednesday Mr. Patrick Collins was elected Chairman, and then the voting for the Presidential candidate began, Mr. Cleveland being unanimously chosen amid a scene of general enthusiasm. To heighten the effect, a bust and painting of Mr. Cleveland were uncovered, at the sight of which the Delegates threw their hats into the air, and stood on the seats shouting and waving banners, flags, and bandannas. On Tuesday the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston celebrated the 250th anniversary of their incorporation with great festivities, a delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company of London being amongst the guests, and being received by the populace with much applause as they walked in the procession. At the banquet Colonel Walker, the commander, and other speakers, made cordial allusion to the visit of the Britishers, and laid especial stress upon the union of Great Britain and the United States. The toasts of the Queen and Prince of Wales were enthusiastically received, and a letter was read from the latter, as Captain-General of the London corps, and the only honorary member of the Boston Company, in which the Prince congratulated the Bostonians on the celebration, and regretted his inability to accept the invitation to attend it. General Sheridan is worse this week. The *Etruria* has made the fastest westward passage on record across the Atlantic—6 days, 1 hour, 55 minutes—thus beating the *Umbria's* record last year by 2 hours and 57 minutes.

IN SOUTH AFRICA further troubles appear to be brewing. The Zululand police have attempted to arrest Dinizulu and other Usutu leaders for thefts of cattle, and, though supported by a detachment of troops, were opposed by the chiefs, and some sharp fighting ensued, which resulted in our men returning to N'koneeni. Reinforcements are to be sent, and a Basuto levy collected at Rorke's Drift, under Major M'Kean.



THE QUEEN will remain in the Highlands for about ten days longer, returning to Windsor on June 20th. The Royal party have experienced somewhat cold weather in Scotland for this time of year, the hills being covered with snow, but the Queen and Princesses continue their outdoor excursions, Her Majesty walking in the morning and driving in the afternoon. The Queen has been to Birkhall, has called on Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at the Manse, and has driven to Aberfeldie Mains to see little Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught. On Sunday Divine Service was held as usual at Balmoral, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated; while on Monday Her Majesty and the Princesses drove through Braemar and took tea at the Danzig Shiel.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family took part in most of the chief official celebrations of the Queen's birthday on Saturday. The Prince and Prince Albert Victor were on horseback at the trooping of the colours, the Princess and daughters watching the ceremony from a window, and afterwards there was a luncheon party at Marlborough House, including the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck and family, and the Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Later the Prince and Princess received a deputation of officers of the Grenadier Guards, who presented a silver statuette of a Guard in ancient costume as a Silver Wedding gift. In the evening the Prince dined with the Premier, and Prince Albert Victor with the First Lord of the Treasury, while subsequently the Princess accompanied the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Louise and Victoria to Lady Salisbury's reception at the Foreign Office. Next morning the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service, and Prince Albert Victor rejoined his regiment at York. The Prince and Princess and daughters on Monday afternoon were present at the Criterion Theatre at a benefit performance for the sufferers from the German inundations, and thence adjourned to the Albert Hall to witness the pupils of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls receive prizes, and go through their exercises. The Princess herself presented the gold and silver medals, receiving bouquets in return, and the Royal party also congratulated the chief officials of the Institution. Next day the Prince unveiled the Statue of Sir Bartle Frere in the Embankment Garden, and inspected the Royal Body-Guard in the Garden of St. James' Palace, presenting the corps with the Jubilee Medal. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess and daughters went to the Horse Show, and in the evening the Prince attended the Rifle Brigade Dinner. The first State Ball of the season took place on Wednesday night at Buckingham Palace, where the Prince and Princess were present with their daughters and other members of the Royal family. On Thursday the Prince, accompanied by the King of Sweden, was to open the new Central Gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association, Long Acre, while in the evening he would preside at the Centenary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls. A Levée was fixed for yesterday (Friday), and to-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess go to Cambridge to see Prince Albert Victor take his degree.—Prince Albert Victor will visit Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, in July, to open the new Beaconsfield Sea-Wall and Parade.



THE House of Lords met on Monday after the Whitsun Recess. Their lordships came back full of vigour, and in such unexpected numbers as seemed to indicate that there was critical business on hand. But the principal Bill contained no more exciting proposal than that of the appointment of a Suffragan-Bishop of Rochester. On Tuesday there was again a remarkably full attendance, but no business of special importance, their lordships being able to adjourn as early as ten minutes past five, their sitting for business purposes having on each night lasted exactly forty minutes.

The reassembling of the House of Commons after the Whitsun Recess was marked by circumstances of even unusual depression. Melancholy had marked for its own the few members who came back punctually for the re-opening day. On Friday Supply was the Order of the Day, but approach to it was barred by the notices of motion still customary on Friday night. The most lengthy discussion took place on the subject of small-pox, introduced by Mr. Picton, with special reference to the alleged failure of vaccination as a preventive. When this was over, Mr. Anderson vainly endeavoured to raise the spirits of the House by descanting at large on the private rights in mussel-beds in the tidal waters of Scotland. This attempt failed, and the House very gladly got into Committee, and passed a few votes in the Civil Service Estimates.

On Monday there was a considerable revival of spirits. Members who had extended their holiday came back again, giving the benches a fairly crowded appearance. Mr. Gladstone was in his place, fresh from his recess visit to Hawarden. But he came too late to see the triumphant entry of Mr. Evans, the newly-elected Member for Southampton, in which Sir William Harcourt bore a pleasing and prominent part; nor did he stay many minutes, or put in an appearance on Tuesday. He has finally abandoned his long-cherished habit of sitting early and late on the Front Bench, whatever might be the character of the proceedings. Except on very rare occasions he does not return after dinner, content with sitting through the question-hour. Monday's sitting was devoted to dealing with the Imperial Defence (Expenses) Bill, which proposes to raise a sum of 2,600,000*l.* for the defence of ports and coaling-stations. The ordinary newspaper reader, hearing of the scare in military and naval circles, and having been assured upon the highest military authority that the country is in an absolutely defenceless state, must have been greatly puzzled by the appearance of the House. There were not present at the liveliest moment more than forty members. Even Lord Charles Beresford could not command a fuller audience, and the admirable speech of Lord George Hamilton, who effectively disposed of the invasion of a hundred thousand men bogey, was delivered in an almost empty House. But there were plenty of members within call, and when the Bill was put to the vote it was carried by the substantial majority of 206 against 85.

On Tuesday Mr. Walter M'Laren brought forward the unsavoury subject of social vice in India, moving a resolution for the repeal of the Police Acts. There was in the circumstances a pretty full House, and if any one concerned contemplated the possibility of bringing the discussion to a premature close by a count-out, he must early have been deceived. There was at the opening a rumour current that the Press Gallery would be cleared. But this little excitement did not come off, it being now a much more difficult feat to achieve than it was in the days when Mr. Biggar, spying in the gallery over the clock the Prince of Wales, who had come down to hear Mr. Chaplin discourse on the breed of horses, managed, by utterance of the cabalistic words "I spy strangers," to clear the galleries of Prince, peers, and private persons. The Speaker closed his section of the Ladies' Gallery, but it is said that upwards of a dozen, having been duly warned of the nature of the debate going forward, insisted upon their privilege of being present on the ordinary benches. The Government had at the outset determined to resist the motion, Sir Richard Temple having been trusted with an amendment declaring it to be unconstitutional to interfere by resolution with the initiative of legislation assigned to the Government of India. But as the night wore on it became doubtful how the Ministry would fare in the division lobby if they persisted in their opposition. Sir Richard Temple accordingly did not move his amendment, Mr. M'Laren's resolution was passed without a division, and it is generally understood that something is to be done.

When the debate thus came to a conclusion, the still crowded House was treated by Mr. Healy to quite an unexpected bit of excitement. Among the miscellaneous motions standing on the paper was one in the name of Lord Ebrington for an Address for copies of a statement made to Mr. Cuffe, Assistant-Solicitor to the Treasury, by Mr. Joseph Nolan, M.P., in connection with the dynamite trials in January last. So little attention was paid to the matter that it was at first taken for granted that Lord Ebrington had made the motion. Mr. Healy at first interposed on a matter of order. He is nothing if not orderly, and the reference to the member for North Louth by name, instead of by his Constituency, shocked him. But as he went on, fresh ideas were born to his active mind. A reference to Lord Ebrington caused him to look towards the place where the noble lord usually sits. He was not there. Then where was he? Who had moved the motion? Could it have been done from the Treasury Bench?

It was evident that Mr. Healy drew his bow at a venture. The whole thing was impromptu, occurring to him as he urged his formal point of order. But it seemed from certain movements on the Treasury Bench that this shot had gone home. The Irish members and the Radicals below the Gangway began to cheer as they have not cheered for weeks. Mr. Healy, thus encouraged, went still further afield, personally denounced the Attorney-General as leading counsel to the *Times*, and boldly charging him with using Lord Ebrington and the House of Commons as the instrument to obtain evidence in the forthcoming libel case. It turned out that the whole thing was a mare's nest, a phantasy of Mr. Healy's fervid imagination. Lord Ebrington, as Chairman of the Committee recently sitting on the admission of strangers, had, in accordance with his duty, put the motion down in order to verify certain documents. In his absence the Under-Secretary for the Home Department, in accordance with usage, had made the motion for him. The Attorney-General knew absolutely nothing about it. But it had been a lively scene to which the House gravely lent itself after the depressing influence of six hours' talk on Mr. M'Laren's motion.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement on the subject of the tax on bottled wines promised for Monday was deferred till Tuesday. In effect Mr. Goschen eliminates altogether from his new taxation scheme all still wines, whether the product of France, Germany, or the Colonies, reduces the tax to 2*s.* a dozen on sparkling wines under the value of 30*s.*, and sticks to his 5*s.* a dozen on sparkling wines above that modest price. This new scheme will require the introduction of a fresh Bill, and is likely to lead to considerable debate. On Wednesday afternoon the House was occupied with discussion on a Bill to amend the Libel Laws, introduced by Sir Algernon Borthwick, and backed up by members sitting on both sides of the House. That is a promising condition for the fortunes of any Bill, and the promise was not falsified in respect of Sir Algernon Borthwick's measure. The discussion was of an

eminently practical character, and in the only division that took place political parties were mingled in either lobby. The Attorney-General took a friendly interest in the Bill, watching the passage of amendments, which, drafted by himself and the Solicitor-General, were fathered by Sir Algernon Borthwick. The House was still engaged upon the Bill when the sitting came to a close. But the main points were settled.



DURING THE FIRST EXAMINATION at the Marylebone Police-court of the eight youths charged with participation in the Regent's Park murder, evidence against a comrade, George Galletly (18), of no occupation, was given by a ninth member of the gang, David Clery (19), a baker. According to the statement of the Counsel for the Treasury, who prosecuted, the prisoner Cole and a young woman having been insulted and assaulted in the Marylebone Road the night before the murder, Clery was induced by him to join, and to ask at least two others of the gang to join, in avenging the insult. One of the party, Lee, a sailor, when they started in search of the culprit produced a knife, about eight inches long, with which, he said, he intended to defend himself. While the quest was being prosecuted, the prisoner Galletly asked Lee for the knife, and it was handed to him. When the unfortunate victim, Joseph Rumbold, who it seems probable had nothing to do with the insult to Cole, was met, and accosted with the inquiry, "Are you Macey?" he replied he did not know what the question meant; whereupon the gang closed in on him with the cry, "That's him, that's him," and Galletly stabbed him in the neck and the back, and, running away, was pursued by the young woman with whom Rumbold was walking, as recorded in this column last week. According to the witness Clery, a short time after he had passed the deceased and his sweetheart, Galletly, who was some yards behind him, came running up, saying, "I have stabbed him," and the same night he saw Galletly show the knife, borrowed from Lee, with blood about half-way up the steel. Next morning, Galletly told him that he had thrown the knife down a sewer. In a sewer near where Galletly lived a knife was found, and produced in Court, resembling that which Clery had seen, but he could not swear to it. The further hearing was adjourned until Tuesday, when evidence will be given by the tenth and last member of the gang, Thomas Brown, who, as a witness against his comrades, is, like Clery, not in custody.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST on the victims of the Edgware Road fire was resumed on Monday, when the District Surveyor deposed that from time to time he had notice of alterations at Messrs. Garrould's premises, and having inspected them, had never seen anything that was wrong, with one exception, regarding which he raised an objection. Evidence was given by policemen and others that the two firemen who had charge of the escape at Connaught Place, walking down Seymour Place, having been told of the fire, merely replied that they were going to the station, and would report it. These two men, who had been suspended by Captain Shaw, were examined, and did not contradict the statement. A Superintendent of the Fire Brigade explained that, from May to September, the men on duty at the fire-escapes left at 6 A.M., and were not kept on during the day because the Metropolitan Board of Works had not adequate funds at their disposal. As matters stood, the Board spent more than the allowance made them by Parliament. It was his opinion that if the two firemen inculpated had gone back for the escape when told of the fire it would have been too late for them to save life. This witness averred that there were fire-escapes at Connaught Place, at Cambridge Terrace, and at Baker Street, and that they were not locked, so that the police could take them where they were wanted. A police-constable, however, who was one of the first outsiders cognisant of the fire, distinctly stated that he ran immediately to Cambridge Terrace, where a fire-escape was usually kept, but found it gone. This statement was confirmed by the firemen in charge of the Cambridge Terrace escape, who described themselves as on their way with it, when the fire had broken out, to the Vestry Hall at Paddington Green, where it was usually kept during the day. They contradicted the statement of a witness who said that he had asked them in Cambridge Street "for God's sake" not to go off with the fire-escape, as there was a fire in the Edgware Road, and that they took no notice but a contemptuous one of his appeal. They admitted, however, that when in the Harrow Road an engine passed them they did not follow it, "not knowing where the fire was." The inquiry was adjourned until Thursday.



BUT for the curiously gregarious habits of modern playwrights, it would be hard to explain why it is that two versions of Hawthorne's famous romance of New England life in the seventeenth century have made their appearance this week upon the London stage on two successive days. *The Scarlet Letter* has been before the world for nearly forty years. There is already a dramatic version extant, to which Mr. Joseph Hatton, the adaptor, has given the title of *Hester Prynne*, though it is not much known to London playgoers; and it is, we believe, the general opinion of experienced dramatists that the story is in its nature unsuited to the stage. Certainly the two later versions have done little towards disproving this view. That which bears the names of Mr. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes, and which was produced by Miss Calhoun at the ROYALTY on Monday night, absolutely destroys the whole moral of the story by uniting Hester Prynne and her hypocritical paramour on the very platform of the Salem pillory, the lady's inconveniently revengeful husband having only a moment before suffered the penalty of lynch law at the hands of a furious mob. The version by the gentleman who adopts the pseudonym of "Alec Nelson" brought out at the OLYMPIC on the following afternoon does not venture thus to make the moralist turn his back, as the Irish gentleman said, upon himself; but, on the other hand, the author is constrained to leave Hester and her implacable partner as the curtain descends standing on the pillory scaffold beside the dead body of the unfortunate Dimmesdale, so that the spectator who is not acquainted with the novel has no notion of what becomes of them afterwards. No more striking evidence could be afforded of the insoluble character of the problem than the equally unsatisfactory character from the stage point of view of both these attempts to grapple with the dilemma. Altogether, the Royalty version is, nevertheless, by far the most interesting. Its scenery and costumes depicting life in the Puritan colony are extremely picturesque; its action, which is comprised in five short acts or successive tableaux, is brisk and dramatically arranged, and the impersonation of Hester Prynne by Miss Calhoun, who commences her season of management at the Royalty with this play, is distinguished by a very touching sweetness and, where occasion requires, by no little force

and pathos. Her style is, above all, natural, and this is where the acting of her rival, Miss Janet Achurch, at the Olympic is sadly wanting. At the Royalty Mr. Forbes Robertson played Dimmesdale, at the Olympic Mr. Charrington. Neither is quite satisfactory, nor is it perhaps possible to awaken much sympathy for the character on the stage where the subtleties of the heart and conscience cannot be brought to the relief of outwardly odious characteristics with the completeness which is at the command of the novelist. Mr. Norman Forbes at the Soho house plays Chillingworth with a clever assumption of senile malignity, but without the force and concentration which Mr. Fernandez in the rival version is able to bring to bear. Of the rest of the characters there is no need to say more than that they are generally satisfactorily played.

An odd sort of farcical comedy, written by Mr. Ribton Turner, and brought out at the VAUDEVILLE on Wednesday afternoon, has for its hero Count Heidegger, King George the Second's Master of the Revels, remembered now mainly through Pope's allusion in the *Dunciad*, as a paragon of ugliness. Mr. Turner has conceived the notion of representing this clever but ill-favoured gentleman as desperately in love with a rich and beautiful lady of the Court. As he is hideous to behold, he is careful to conceal himself from her gaze while he serenades her, and renders her such gallant services that, when he does reveal himself, the lady is content to accept him. Hence the title, *Handsome is that Handsome does*. A remarkable fact about the cast is that Mr. Henry Neville, who has long been accustomed to play romantic heroes, enacts the ugly Count without any serious attempt to disfigure his features. This has been ascribed to "rare modesty," but it is also capable of being assigned to that shrinking from the logical consequences of accepting a disagreeable part which is not very uncommon. Some representatives of Othello reduce "the livery of the burnished sun" to an imperceptible tint; while one more conscientious has been known, if the legend may be trusted, to "black himself all over." Mr. Turner's piece is a long-drawn farce, of which dialogue and incidents are in a rather forced strain. Miss Kate Vaughan played the part of the Court lady very prettily; and all that could be done with other characters was done by Miss Larkin, Mr. F. Thorne, Mr. Gillmore, Mr. Soutar, and Miss Amalia.

A great restaurant in the Strand is to be turned into a "variety theatre," after the pattern of the Alhambra and the Empire, and a similar project is on foot with regard to Her Majesty's Theatre.

The sequel to the Wallack benefit in New York is not less remarkable than the large amount realised—4,500*l.* Mr. Lester Wallack, who, it appears, is not in want of money, accepts the gift, but decides to hand it over to an actors' benevolent institution.

Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Hall Caine have provided *Ben-my-Chree* with that *sine quâ non* of the modern playgoer, "a happy ending." The result is that the piece is applauded vociferously, and seems likely to prosper.

It is stated that Mr. Augustus Harris has determined that the story of the Spanish Armada shall, after all, furnish the theme of the next romantic drama at DRURY LANE.

A performance for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund will be given on the morning of June 28th, at the LYCEUM.



THE TURF.—Merry Andrew followed up his success in the Manchester Cup by taking the Epsom Grand Prize on Thursday last week. Neapolis, the favourite, was second, and Scene Shifter third, but Johnny Morgan, who has become a regular rogue, was not placed. Several races went to horses which had previously won during the week. Thus Corbeille secured the Two-Year-Old Plate, Fast and Loose the Norbury Welter Plate (in the colours of his new owner, Sir John Willoughby), and Gervas the Royal Stakes. As last year, Balvarran won the Horton Stakes. There were only six runners for the Oaks on the following day. Briar-root, on the strength of her One Thousand victory, was made favourite; but it was not her day out, and she failed to get placed. Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze won easily, in the "record" time of 2 min. 42 4-5th sec., Lord Falmouth's Rada was second, and Belle Mahone third. Powderpuff won the Glasgow Plate, the aged Laceman (now twelve years old) the Walton Stakes, and Prince Soltykoff's Pantomime the Acorn Stakes.

Mr. Benzon's Kilworth was made favourite for the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, run on Sunday last at Auteuil. He refused at the water-jump, however, and so destroyed his chance. Nevertheless, the race fell to an English horse, in Mr. Moncrieff's Parasang, which started at 25 to 1. The Auteuil Hurdle-Race on Wednesday was won by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Aladdin.

The Great Northern Handicap at York on Tuesday was won by Banter, Selby being second, and Horton third. Watts rode a couple of winners during the afternoon—Houndsditch in the Zetland Stakes, and Loch Leven in the Stand Stakes. Next day Lasso won the Flying Dutchman Handicap, and Aspen Leaf the Eglinton Stakes. At Lewes on the same day the Abergavenny Stakes fell to Robin Hood.

What handicappers think of Minting is shown by the fact that for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot his weight was 11 st. 2 lbs., 2 st. 2 lbs., more than was given to Fullerton, the next in order. Neither of these has accepted, and Exmoor is now at the top with 8 st. 12 lbs. Exmoor has the same weight in the Northumberland Plate, and receives 2 st. from Minting, who has accepted for this event. In the Grand Prix de Paris, run on Sunday next, Crowberry was favourite at time of writing at 6 to 4 against, while 2 to 1 was on offer against Stuart, the French "crack." For the St. Leger, Ayrshire was favourite at 3 to 1. Friar's Balsam has been backed at 10 to 1.

CRICKET.—Since their defeat by Lancashire, the Australians have gone from bad to worse. The Players, chiefly owing to the excellent bowling of Barnes and Lohmann, defeated them by ten wickets, and this week Notts achieved a similar victory. Mr. Dixon made 83 and 26 (not out) for the County, and Barnes and Attewell were the destructive bowlers. The Colonists are evidently a little stale, and no wonder.

Lancashire followed up her success against the Cornstalks by a narrow victory over Middlesex. The latter (in spite of good innings of 121, not out, made by Mr. S. W. Scott) had previously suffered defeat from Kent, for whom Mr. W. C. Hedley bowled very well. Surrey (Mr. W. W. Read 129) beat Essex, and Sussex (Mr. W. Newham 128) drew with Lancashire (Briggs 126, not out). Oxford University drew with a strong team of M.C.C., for whom Mr. W. G. Grace made 95. The South Saxons (Mr. A. M. Sutherland 105, Mr. H. Pigg 159) made 414 against Brighton College, while the United Services at Portsmouth knocked up 584 (Mr. L. A. Hamilton 152) against the Corinthians.

MISCELLANEOUS.—E. L. Stones, of Ulverston, pole-jumped 11 ft. 7 in. at Southport on Saturday (record) and defeated the champion T. Ray.—Wallace Ross, though lately defeated by Hosmer, has accepted Bubeur's challenge.—The six days' (twelve hours a day) walking race at the Bingley Hall, Birmingham, appears to be another gift to Scott, the New Zealander.



THE NEW MUSICAL KNIGHTS.—Nobody will grudge the new musical knights the honours paid them, and the only question likely to arise is whether, without straining the Constitution, or making titles too cheap, the list might not have been extended. For example, Mr. Joseph Barnby's long services to music generally, and to oratorio in particular, amply merit recognition. It has also become the custom to knight the Professor of Music at Cambridge University, and as that post has until recently for some years been held by the titular head of the Royal Academy of Music, it has almost become the habit to regard the title of "Sir" as appertaining as a sort of prescriptive right to the Tenterden Street principal. Of the two knights recently created, the place of senior belongs to Sir Charles Hallé. For forty years (since he first came to England in the midst of the troublous times which accompanied the French Revolution of 1848) Sir Charles Hallé has been a prominent figure in the musical life of this country. In London he has been intimately connected with the Monday Popular Concerts since their foundation. His own Chamber Concerts have rightly been described as the "Pops" of the summer, and in the course of his duties as director of orchestral and choral music, he has taken a great part in popularising Berlioz. His "Manchester Orchestra" has attained European celebrity, and probably no man has done more for the highest class of music in the northern towns of England than Sir Charles Hallé. As to Sir John Stainer, the fact is well known that, owing to an affection of the eyesight, he has only recently been compelled to give up the post of Organist at St. Paul's. From the age of seven, when he entered the St. Paul's choir as a boy, he has been connected with the metropolitan Cathedral, and almost under the shadow of its walls he, at the Church of St. Benedict, Paul's Wharf, secured his first berth of organist, at the early age of thirteen. At Oxford he was organist to Magdalen and to the University. He succeeded Sir Arthur Sullivan as Principal of the National Training School, from which sprang the Royal College of Music, and he succeeded Hullah as Inspector of Music in Elementary Schools. He has also acted as Examiner for Musical Degrees at Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and he is one of the most prominent Church musicians and organists of our time. Sir Charles Hallé was born at Hagen, near Elberfeldt, April 17th, 1819, and Sir John Stainer was born in London, June 6th, 1840.

THE OPERA.—Little more than a bare record is necessary of the repetition of *Figaro* on the 31st ult., and of the performance of *Il Trovatore* last Saturday. In the latter opera the Leonora was Mdle. Martini (or Martin) of Brussels, who, though possessed of great natural powers, forces her voice, and is otherwise chargeable with some of the defects of the French school of vocalism.—On Monday, before an enormous audience, the brothers Jean and Edouard de Reszké reappeared in *L'Africaine*. No artist can make the operatic Vasco di Gama any other than a contemptible creature, but M. Jean de Reszké did all that a fine voice and a manly presence could do for the part. Even still better was M. Edouard de Reszké as Don Pedro. Madame Nordica can hardly be congratulated on her assumption of Selika, which part is not very well suited to her, but Miss McIntyre was a charming Inez, and M. Lassalle repeated his forcible, if too highly-coloured, impersonation of Nelusko.—On Tuesday *La Traviata* was repeated, with Madame Albani, for the first time this season, in her familiar part of Violetta, but otherwise with the same cast as before.—On Wednesday a splendid performance was given of *Faust*, particularly on the part of the brothers De Reszké, who respectively played Faust and Mephistopheles. In the duel in the fourth act Signor del Puente, the Valentine, received a flesh wound with Faust's sword on the forefinger of the right hand, but although it plentifully drew blood, it proved not in any way a serious affair. Still, it behoves stage combatants to be careful in their mimic battles.

DR. VON BÜLOW.—For the first time these six years Dr. von Bülow, who was one of the earliest, and is still one of the most prominent champions of the "higher development" school of pianism, has returned to us to give a series of recitals. We regard it as more or less unfortunate that the Doctor has this year decided to limit his programmes to the music of Beethoven—for the works of a single master can hardly fail to weary both the performer and the audience—and still more so that he has resolved to play the sonatas in chronological order. For, owing to this arrangement at the opening recital on Monday, the scheme was limited to half-a-dozen of the earliest sonatas, which neither show the composer at his maturity nor the pianist at his best. The performance was more or less unequal, but in his happiest moments Dr. von Bülow proved that his style had, if anything, improved rather than deteriorated, and that while it was still daringly original, the reading was, as of old, remarkable for its evidence of intellectual appreciation and thought.

HERR JOHAN SVENDSEN.—This eminent Norwegian musician conducted the last evening Philharmonic concert, and directed his early symphony in D, which, since it was first produced here by Mr. Weist Hill nine years ago, has only occasionally been heard. It will probably once more be considered an interesting, if not a great work, but one movement so pleased the audience that (rather unwisely) it was repeated. At the same concert Mr. J. F. Barnett conducted a revised version of his "Pastoral Suite" for orchestra, originally produced at the Norwich Festival seven years ago. This graceful composition, which illustrates a pretty village story of a harvest home, was again received with the respect due to its merit. The pianist at this concert was Mr. Alfred Hollins, who essayed the E flat concerto of Beethoven. The task to a player who is, unfortunately, bereft of sight was naturally an arduous one, and it should be held exempt from criticism.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—An enormous number of concerts have been given, upwards of half a hundred being announced for this week alone. At the outset we have to notice the first of Madame Christine Nilsson's farewells, when she sang several of the operatic and other songs with which her name has been more or less associated. Her final farewell will take place on Wednesday week, when perhaps it will be more convenient to speak at length of her brilliant career.—Mr. Robert Goldbeck, a pianist, who appeared here about twenty-eight years ago, and who has since resided in America, gave a recital on Friday, and played his own and other works in a manner which strikingly recalled the old and sound school of pianism at its best. As a boy Mr. Goldbeck was a protégé of Alexander von Humboldt.—Señor Sarasate at his fourth recital introduced a new but not very interesting violin concerto by M. Emile Bernard. Far more to the taste of the audience were his own variations on a Spanish National song. He will give an extra recital this (Saturday) afternoon, and will play Beethoven and Mendelssohn's concertos.—At Dr. Richter's concert on Monday, a young "prodigy" Master Henri Marteau, a lad of fourteen, and a pupil of M. Léonard, made a fairly successful *début* as a violinist. The young gentleman will be better judged when he performs a standard work, but in Max Bruch's first concerto he showed that he had a very good tone and plays well in tune. Dr. Mackenzie's new overture to *Twelfth Night* must be reserved for notice till a more convenient



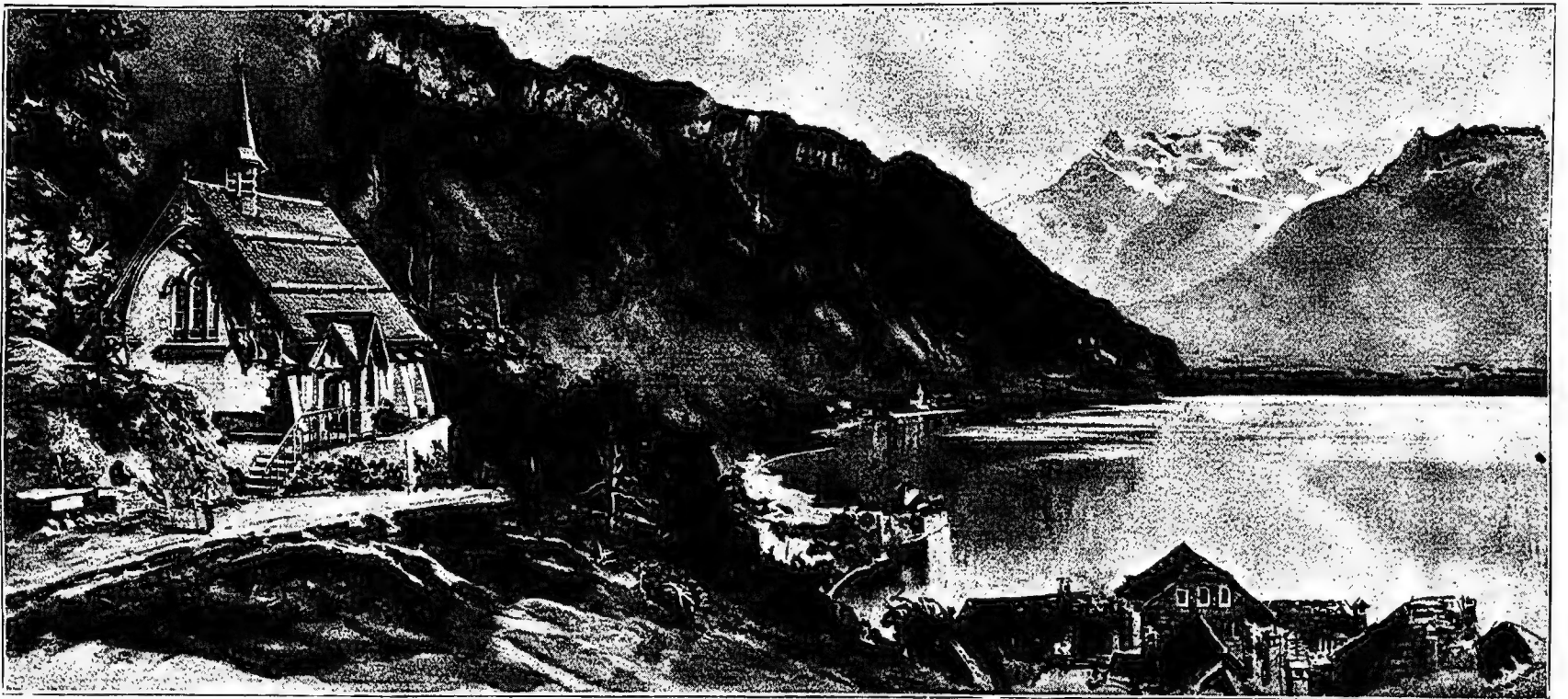
MR. DAVID RANDELL
New Labour M.P. for the Gower Division of Glamorganshire



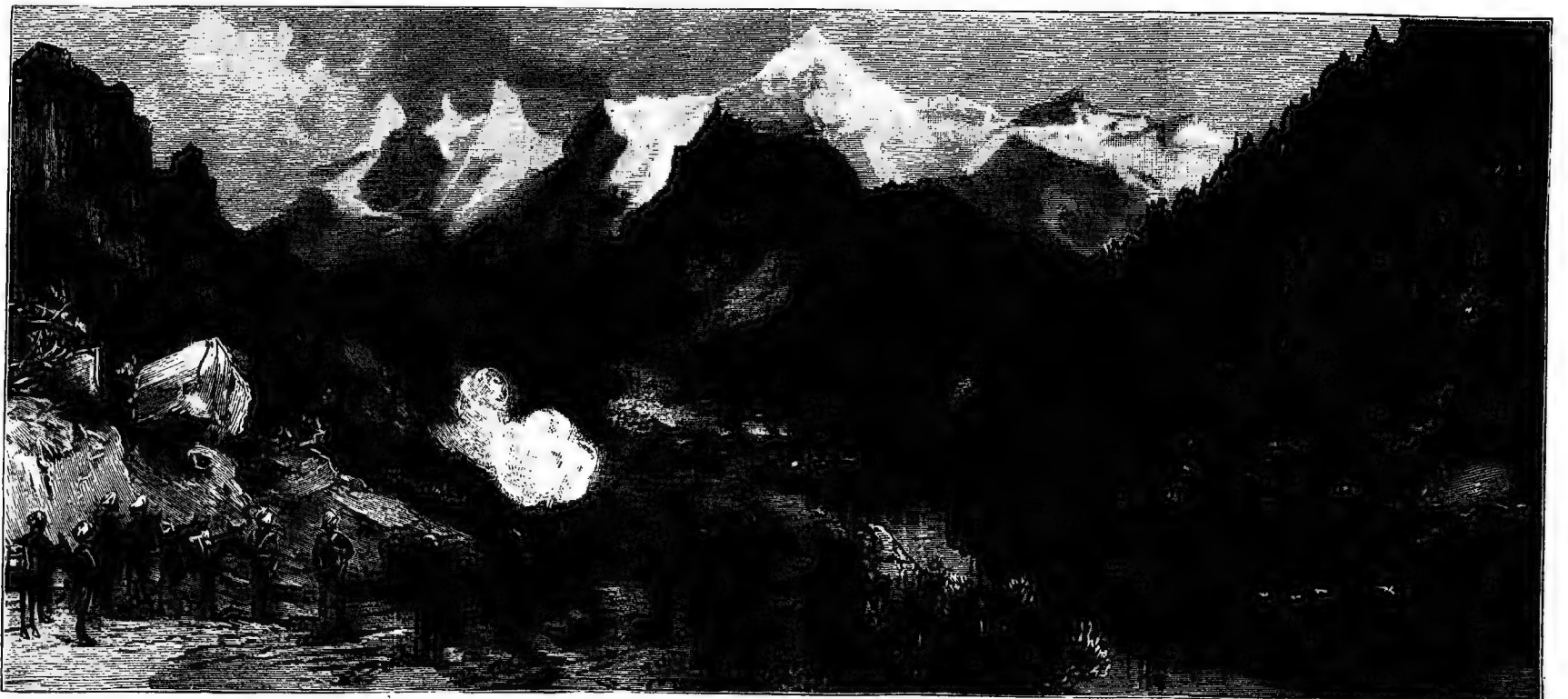
PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, LL.D.
Professor of Commercial Law at King's College, London
Born 1821. Died May 7, 1883



MR. SAMUEL OSBORNE
Who recently Sculled Across the Channel from Dover to Boulogne
alone in a Small Boat



NEW ENGLISH CHURCH, GLION-SUR-MONTREUX, CANTON VAUD, SWITZERLAND



WITH THE SIKKIM EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, NORTH-WEST INDIA
A RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE BY THE DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT IN THE KOPHU VALLEY, BEYOND THE TUKOLA PASS

C. W. Beal
(Manager)

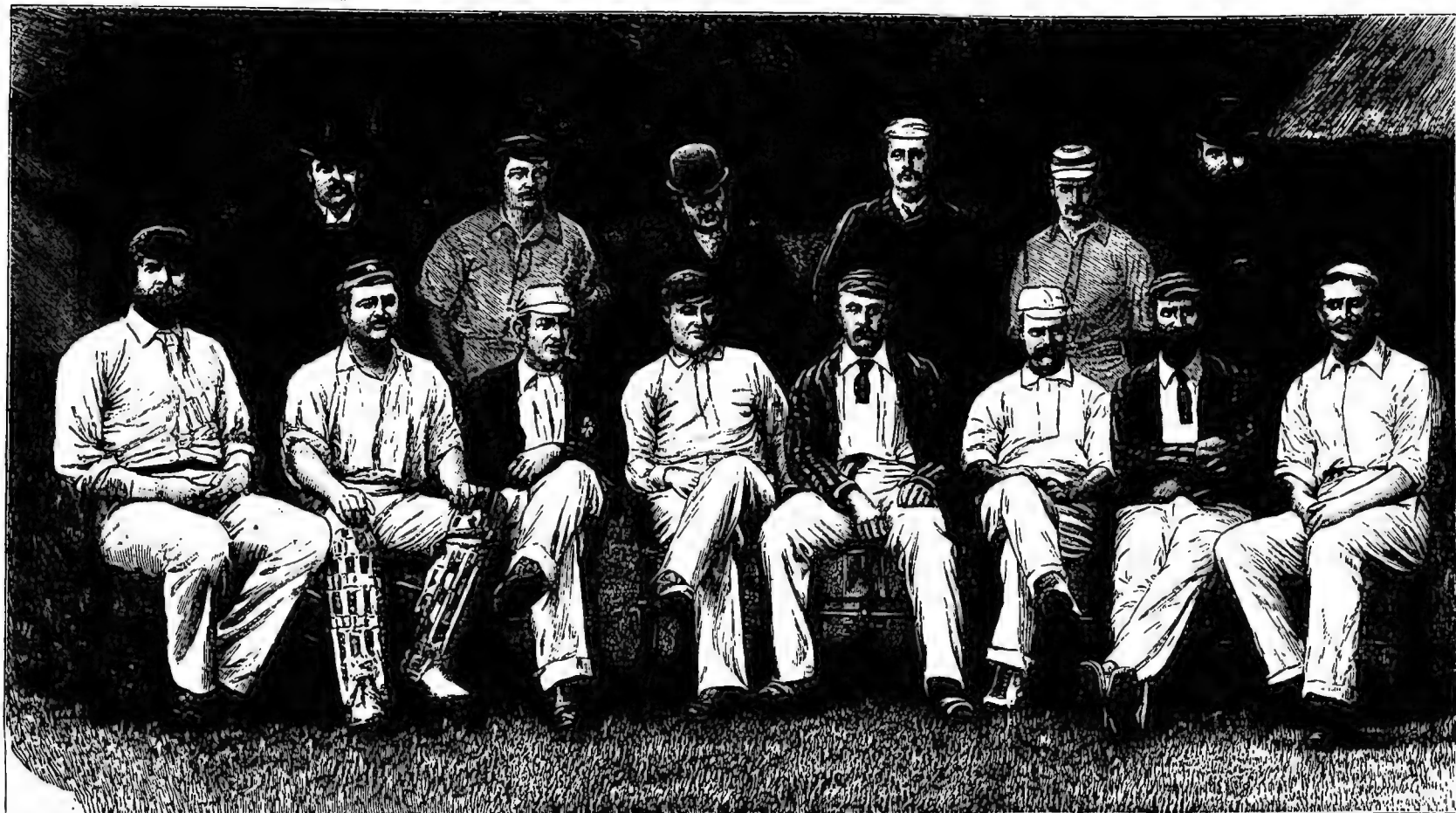
J. Worrall

J. E. Edwards

S. P. Jones

J. J. Ferris

H. F. Boyle



G. J. Bonnor

A. H. Jarvis

C. T. B. Turner

H. Trott

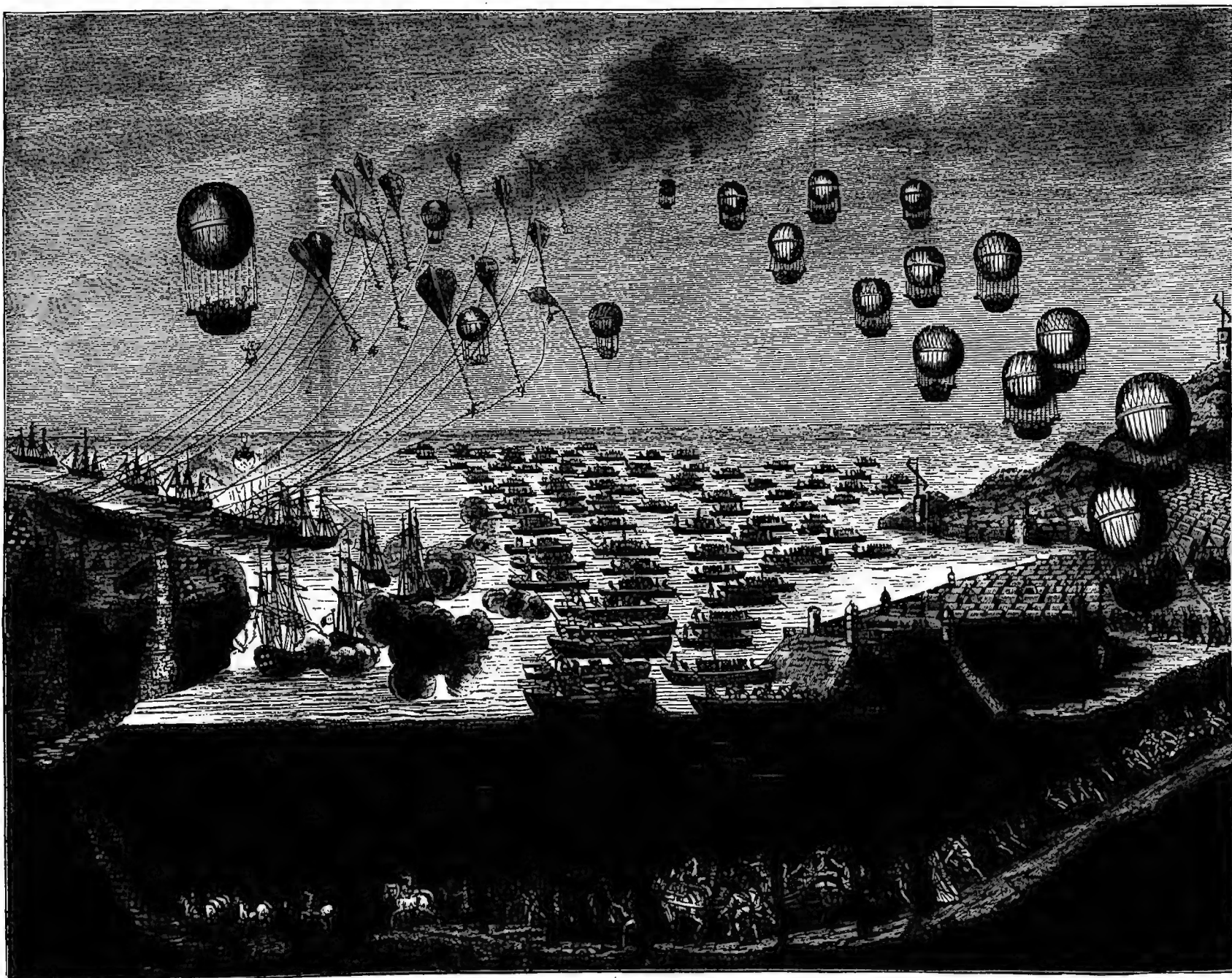
P. S. M'Donnell
(Captain)

A. Bannerman

J. Mc C. Blackham

J. J. Lyons

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM NOW IN ENGLAND



FRENCH PROJECTS FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Facsimile of a print published about 1801. It is interesting as showing how old is the idea of the Channel Tunnel. It will be seen that while the French are making feints both by sea and in the air, the main attack is being delivered through the Tunnel, of the existence of which the English are supposed to be ignorant.

opportunity.—We can now do no more than mention concerts given by, among others, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Misses Phillips and Hall, Mr. Kellie, Mr. H. Phillips, Miss Clark, Mdle. Lang, Miss Carlotta Elliot, Mr. de Lara, Miss Hope Temple (at which Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg made a successful reappearance since her provincial tour), Mr. Osborne Williams, Mr. Oberthur, Miss Bertha Moore, Mdle. Gambogi, and Mr. Thorpe, several amateur concerts for charities, and concerts by the Royal College students, the Musical Artists' Society, and the Westminster Orchestral Society.—At the last-named concert Signor Palmieri, a young Italian pianist, who obviously likes violent contrasts in his playing, performed a fantasia on the love duet, Iago's "credo," and other melodies from Verdi's *Otello*, arranged for the piano with the permission of the composer.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Her Majesty's Theatre, for nearly two centuries the home of Italian opera in London, is advertised to be converted into a house for ballet and varieties.—Mr. Lloyd is expected back from America on Monday.—In July Dr. Richter will leave England to conduct Wagner's *Meistersinger* at Bayreuth. He will return in August to direct the Birmingham Festival.—A Russian troupe, which recently sang Glinka's *Life for the Czar* in Russian at Berlin, are in negotiation for an appearance at a London theatre this summer. But it is rather late in the season to start such an enterprise.—Mr. Winn, the well-known bass of St. Paul's, and Hon. Secretary of the Round, Catch, and Canon Club, died on Friday, aged sixty.



THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION has resolved to apply to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus to compel the Bishop of London to allow proceedings to be taken to test the legality of the reredos in St. Paul's, on the ground that the reasons for his refusal, referred to in this column last week, are insufficient.—Proceedings have been commenced in the Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, requiring him to cite the Bishop of Lincoln before that tribunal for alleged ritualistic practices.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS, at the instance of Miss Octavia Hill, liberally gave a very valuable site, part of it actually covered with a warehouse, in Red Cross Street, Southwark, for conversion into a public garden and recreation-ground. At the same time, they agreed to lease to Miss Hill an adjoining plot, on which have been erected a hall for indoor amusements, and some modest but attractive cottages for tenants of the humbler class. Lady Ducie contributed 1,000*l.* through the Kyrle Society for laying out the garden, the late Hon. Henry Cowper gave 2,000*l.* to build the hall and free it from ground-rent, while the cottages were built with money lent on easy terms by Lady Jane Dundas. For the walls of the hall Mr. Walter Crane is executing cartoons recording deeds of heroism in humble life. At the formal opening of hall and garden the Archbishop of Canterbury, moving a resolution of thanks to donors, spoke of the good to be done to the district by both, and, referring to the abuse often poured on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, said that the garden, which they had let for ninety-nine years at an annual rent of about a farthing, could not be considered a very profitable investment.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has consecrated Holy Trinity Church, Latimer Road, better known as the Harrow Mission Room, a commodious building in a populous district, built by the Harrow boys and friends with the aid of a contribution from the Bishop of London's Fund.

THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR sends from Sebastopol the gratifying intelligence that, in spite of all reports to the contrary, he found, on a visit, the British cemetery on Cathcart's Hill to be in excellent order, "in fact the larger portion of it is more like a garden than a cemetery."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, the author of the well-known work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," delivered this week at Grosvenor House, to an audience sprinkled with Peers and M.P.'s, an address on Christianity, apparently viewing it less under its theological than its ethical aspects, as the religion without which there is no civilisation, remarking that where it is purest the development of civilisation is greatest.



I.

"THE Question of Imperial Safety" takes the first place in the *Nineteenth Century*, and under that general heading Sir Edward Hamley considers "The Minimum Force Requisite for Security," while Colonel Hozier gives his view of "Our Actual Military Strength," and Captain Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., writes on "A Workable Admiralty." All make practical proposals, and are at one on the matter of the perils of our present position.—The Hon. George W. Curzon endeavours to enlighten English ignorance in Central Asian matters with "The 'Scientific Frontier': an Accomplished Fact." He reminds his readers that in the recent debate in the House of Commons (the 13th of March, 1888) on the North-West Indian frontier, the most curious ignorance was displayed as to the geography of the frontier itself. The House was asked to condemn a frontier policy as unwise by persons who required to be informed as to where that frontier was.

The *Fortnightly* opens with an evidently well-informed paper, which answers the question "Can We Hold Our Own?" not too hopefully. The writer summarises in any case, with much skill, the various items of our unpreparedness for a great emergency of danger.—Mr. Swinburne writes in a facetious vein of "Mr. Whistler's Lecture on Art." Mr. Whistler's opinion, he says, that there is nothing like leather (of a jovial and Japanese design) savours somewhat of the Oriental cordwainer.—Cardinal Manning and Archdeacon Farrar unite in eloquent denunciation of the compensation clauses of "The Local Government Bill."—It goes without saying that Mrs. Lynn Linton is very readable on "French Political Women;" and that "The Cape in 1888" is a subject to which the Earl of Carnarvon is well qualified to do justice.

Lord Hobhouse should find attentive readers for his article in the *Contemporary* on "Local Self-Government for London." Although he does not regard the measure as altogether satisfactory, he thinks that the matters which must be dealt with before a scheme approaching completeness can be formed, will be handled with greater ease, and with more knowledge and certainty, after a general representative assembly of Londoners has been called into existence than before.—Lord Ripon, on "The Sunday Question," appeals to the rich and leisured classes to consecrate the day to the use and happiness of those whose opportunities of tasting of life's feast are few. "Show," he writes, "that you reverence life and life's higher possibilities by exerting strenuous self-denial, for the sake of giving to God's poor the freest opportunities of recreation, cultivation, and worship."—Full of material for medita-

tion by Englishmen is Mr. Meredith Townsend's "Will England Retain India?" He explains, most interestingly, his reasons for holding the belief that the Empire which came in a day will disappear in a night. It is a miracle, he observes, as a floating island of granite would be a miracle, or a bird of brass, which flew and sung, and lived on in mid-air.

The *National Review* again devotes its opening pages to "The House of Lords."—Viscount Wolmer writes to the editor somewhat whimsically and fantastically, under the heading "The Bitter Cry of the Eldest Sons," of the grievance suffered by clever young peers, eager for hard work, in being compelled to go from "a scene where time cannot be found for the work, to a scene where work cannot be found for the time."—Mr. A. Burney's "The Patriotism of a Hereditary Peerage" is a fairly exhaustive list of the more distinguished military, naval, and civil services rendered by peers to the State.—A very serviceable and well-informed paper is that by Mr. Arthur A. Baumann, M.P., on "The London Clauses of the Local Government Bill." Alluding to the quiescence of metropolitan opinion on matters where it might be presumed to be active, Mr. Baumann states it as a well-known fact that it is with the greatest difficulty that a meeting of a hundred people can be got together on any subject whatever, unless there is an unusually attractive name on the bills.

In *Macmillan* Mr. Augustine Birrell has a pleasantly appreciative essay on "The Letters of Charles Lamb," which Canon Ainger has just edited so admirably.—Most striking as a contribution to the discussion on Imperial Federation will be found "A Menace to National Unity," by the late Attorney-General of New South Wales. Generally the argument of this gentleman is that attempts at premature Federation spell disruption.

Mr. Coutts Trotter writes in *Blackwood* a most taking and attractive sketch of "Tonga and Samoa." After reading his description and narrative, it is hard to understand why our Government has not taken more vigorous measures to suppress Mr. Shirley Baker.—We may commend to thoughtful readers Mr. Philip H. Baguelon on "Ireland and the Roman Catholic Church," and "The Military Balance of Power in Asia."

The *Gentleman* opens with a bright little story, "The Gold Mines of Phrygia," by Mr. J. Crawford Scott; while Mr. W. H. D. Adams is not unqualified to deal with the "Physical Peculiarities of Great Men."

June sees a new periodical enter the lists, the *Magazine of Sport*, which for its frontispiece has a portrait of Mr. E. W. Lewis, Covered Court Lawn-Tennis Champion. The magazine will be mainly devoted to cricket, football, lawn-tennis, cycling, rowing, canoeing, swimming, boxing, gymnastics, and lacrosse.

Mr. Theodore Child writes a most interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Literary Career" in France, where his intimate knowledge of Paris and its various societies stands him and his readers in good stead.—Mr. Francis Parkman tells well a story of old-time travel and adventure in "The Discovery of the Rocky Mountains."

The *Sun* is the title of a new magazine which readers may take into their homes "feeling perfect confidence in its contents, and being sure that it will tend to influence for good all members of their household." Among its contributors are such names as those of Miss Sarah Tytler, Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, and the Rev. Dr. Kennedy.

The *Argosy* and *All the Year Round* are up to their usual mark. The former periodical boasts a summer number, in tasteful paper covers, and full of seasonable reading.



DAIRY CATTLE, said Mr. Simmonds, in his recent address to the Dairy Conference at Sandringham, must be pre-eminently useful animals, but, looked at from all points, he thinks that we may obtain heavy milkers without sacrificing form, size, or quality. If, he urged, Shorthorn breeders, by leaving out of sight altogether milk, have been able to produce the best beef-making beast we have ever seen, it stands to reason that by devoting our attention solely to milk an opposite result can be obtained. Mr. Simmonds, however, would like to see the two systems blended together in order to produce milk, form, and constitution. He believes that bulls should be used exclusively from dams of good heavy-milking properties, and he thinks that a Dairy Herd-Book may be found of great value if it can be started and carried out in a practical manner. Should a herd lean too much to milk and lose flesh and constitution, an alteration should be made in the selection of the next bull, so as to remedy the defect. Mr. Simmonds deprecates the plan of allowing the calves to run with their dams. He urges that pure breeds should be selected, as crosses are difficult to carry on.

A CHEAP FERTILISER.—A large farmer in the Chichester district of Sussex informs us that for some years past he has dressed both his corn and turnips with mineral superphosphate, containing 20 per cent. of soluble phosphate, and costing 50*s.* per ton. Others have made similar statements, and there is no doubt that the use of mineral superphosphate is extending. Our Sussex friend states that, although many persons in the district were incredulous at first in regard to the value of such a cheap dressing, they have gradually taken to it, and they find 3 cwt. per acre a sufficient dressing for spring-corn or turnips, costing 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre. In the case of corn, 1½ cwt. of nitrate of soda per acre is added.

THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW is being held this year at Newport, in Monmouthshire, where a splendid display of animals has been gathered together. There are 130 horses against 93 last year at Dorchester, and 435 entries of cattle against 385 last year. Jerseys show a reduction, but are still by far the largest class of cattle. Sussex and Black Welsh are represented in increased numbers, as are Shorthorns. These, indeed, show a very remarkable recovery of interest, there being 80 entries against 47 last year. The features in which the county of Mr. Thomas Hardy has the advantage are sheep and pigs. As compared with last year's show in Dorsetshire, the display at the Monmouthshire meeting is poor. Dairy produce is extensively shown, and the "butter workers" have reached the gratifying and unprecedented number of 58 entries.

JERSEY CATTLE.—On the Queen's Birthday Mr. Thornton sold the Wickham Place herd of Jerseys. The cattle had been bred from tribes long acclimatised in England, and English-bred sires had been invariably preferred. In consequence, the animals were bigger and sturdier in build than are Jersey cattle as a rule. Sales were brisk up to a certain moderate level of price. The Hayes Sale, held two days later, gave a better average, and was generally reckoned a success. The Hayes Sale was of Jerseys bred by Mr. E. A. Hambro and Mr. H. C. Smith. Just at the close of May, thirty head of Jerseys were sold for Lord Braybrooke at Audley End. The average price obtained was 13*l.* 8*s.* per head, and we believe that Lord Braybrooke calculates that anything over 15*l.* is profit. It is not surprising that Jerseys are increasing in favour for utility as well as for beauty.

SCOTLAND.—A very large proportion of the turnip-crop has now been sown under very favourable conditions, and in the earlier

districts an excellent braird has already appeared. Cereal crops are not looking at their best just now, but the braird is satisfactory. The wheat has stood the night-frosts well, but early spring corn has obviously suffered. Grass is growing fairly well, but the ground is very dry, and, unless there is a good rainfall within the next fortnight, will be an under-average crop. Live-stock are in good and healthy condition, but cattle are not in request as they were at Easter. On the other hand, fat lambs, although freely offered, meet with a demand which allows of satisfactory prices being obtained. Sheep-shearing has been begun in the earlier districts, and is favoured by the warmer weather.

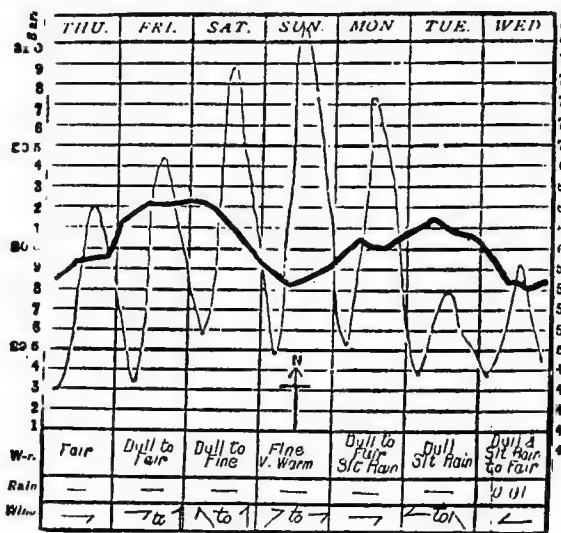
JUNE SHOWS.—The big West Country Show at Newport is "now on," while on the 13th the East Surrey Show will be held at Croydon, on the 14th and 15th the Suffolk Agricultural Show takes place at Ipswich, and on the same two days the Wiltshire farmers and landowners will be gathered in force at Devizes. On the 19th, 20th, and 21st the Peterborough Show will afford a rallying-point for Eastern and Midland agriculturists, and on the same days an equally important Show will be held at Tenbury Wells, when the Hereford and Worcester county breeders will doubtless put something worth seeing in the field. A good many Yorkshiresmen make a point of not missing the annual Show at Thorne, which takes place this year on the 20th June. The Cornish Show is fixed for 1888 at New Quay, on the 20th and 21st; while on the 21st and 22nd the Norfolk farmers have their annual gathering at East Dereham. One of the biggest Shows ever seen in the South of England is being organised for the 26th and three following days at Bournemouth. The Down sheep and the Jersey cattle should be worth a journey from the other end of England to see. The visitor to Bournemouth on the 26th or 27th might do worse than journey on to Barnstaple, where the Devon farmers will be putting their beautiful red cattle to the fore, and where also the curious Exmoor sheep are always to be seen. On the 27th and 28th there will be a good Show at Doncaster, and on the 28th and 29th the Essex agriculturists are not likely to fall below their usual high standard of exhibits. The County Show is fixed this year to take place at Ilford. We have no space for the June Shows in Scotland and Ireland, beyond mentioning that the principal will be the Edinburgh on the 27th and 28th, and the Belfast on the 21st and 22nd of the month.

SHEEP AND TURNIPS.—Mr. J. Harrison, of Biggins Hall, Westmoreland, writes on the subject of the losses that have been recently experienced amongst sheep fed on turnips. He thinks that the use of artificial manures has occasioned diseases of a more complicated nature than were ever known before their use. There is no doubt that frequent successive crops of turnips must encourage the production of parasites which prove injurious to animal life. There are, for instance, forms of putrefactive mildew which affect the sheep eating the plant itself affected, and there are also forms of protozoal life which pass through two stages, in the first of which a vegetable, and in the second an animal habitat is required.

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Mr. George Wilson, of Heatherbank, Weybridge Heath, informs us that the notice in our issue of March 24th has brought in numerous names of good candidates for Fellowship in the Society, but that more are wanted. If persons interested in gardening would realise how much the Society helps them in their hobby by selecting the best novelties, and that with larger funds still more could be done, ample aid would soon come in. The "Trade" have helped the Society most efficiently by furnishing the meetings and beautiful Shows held on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in the London Scottish Drill Hall, and by making, with the assistance of a few amateurs, the late magnificent Show in the Temple Gardens. Now that the "fortnightly" meetings and Shows are so good it is hoped that the exhibitors will be encouraged by a full room, and the Fellows and other plant-lovers will attend and bring their friends with them. Mr. Wilson recently expressed his belief that he could within a year bring in 500 Fellows, and a large proportion of this number have already joined.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1889



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (6th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—In the course of the past week some extremely cold weather has been experienced in Scotland, and while snow was falling in that locality high summer temperatures, with bright clear skies, were prevailing over the South-Eastern portion of England. At the opening of the period a depression was moving North-Eastwards from the extreme North of our Islands, and while strong Westerly to North-Westerly breezes, with squally showery weather, were felt in those regions, light Westerly airs, and fair to bright and dry weather, prevailed over the Southern part of the country. By Saturday (2nd inst.), the mercury had risen in most places, but fallen in the South-West, and the wind shifted to the Southward, as a depression appeared in the West. This system subsequently travelled in an Easterly course across the South of Scotland, where the wind backed to the Eastward, and temperature fell to a very low level for the season. Steady cold rain set in in most places, and a heavy fall of snow occurred over the central portion of the country; meanwhile the sky remained mostly clear in the South, with temperatures exceeding 80° at several of the South-Eastern Stations. After Sunday (3rd inst.) the barometer rose steadily over the greater part of the United Kingdom, the central area of highest readings lying over the North Sea, while some large shallow disturbances were found off our South-Western districts. The winds now became Easterly, and freshened considerably at many Stations with overcast skies, with heavy local falls of rain (over an inch at one or two Irish and Scotch Stations), and while temperature showed some recovery in the North it fell most decidedly in the South. The highest daily temperatures of the week, which were registered on Sunday (3rd inst.) over the South-East of England, ranged from 80° to 84°, while the lowest, which occurred on Saturday (2nd inst.), at several Scotch Stations, fell below the freezing point.

The barometer was highest (30.26 inches) on Saturday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.85 inches) on Sunday (3rd inst.); range 0.41 inch.

The temperature was highest (82°) on Sunday (3rd inst.); lowest (46°) on Thursday (31st ult.); range 36°.

Rain fell on one day. Total fall 0.01 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.01 inch on Wednesday (6th inst.).



No. 235

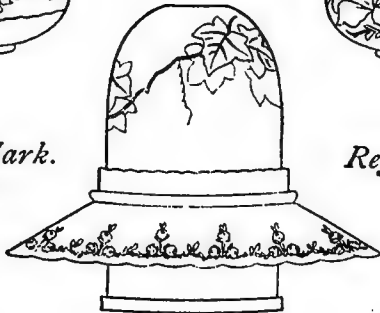
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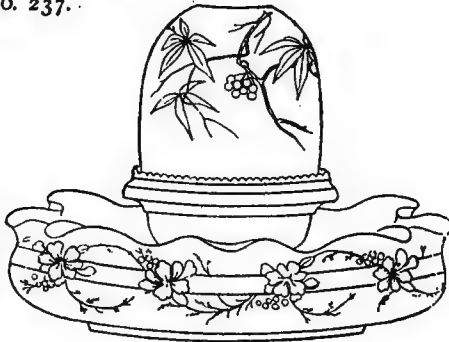
Regd. Trade Mark.
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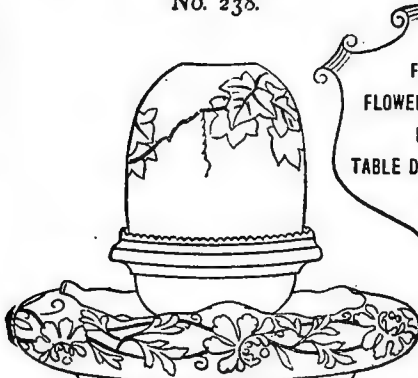
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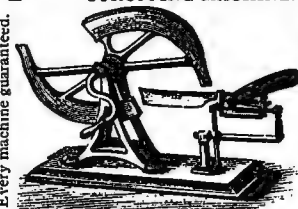
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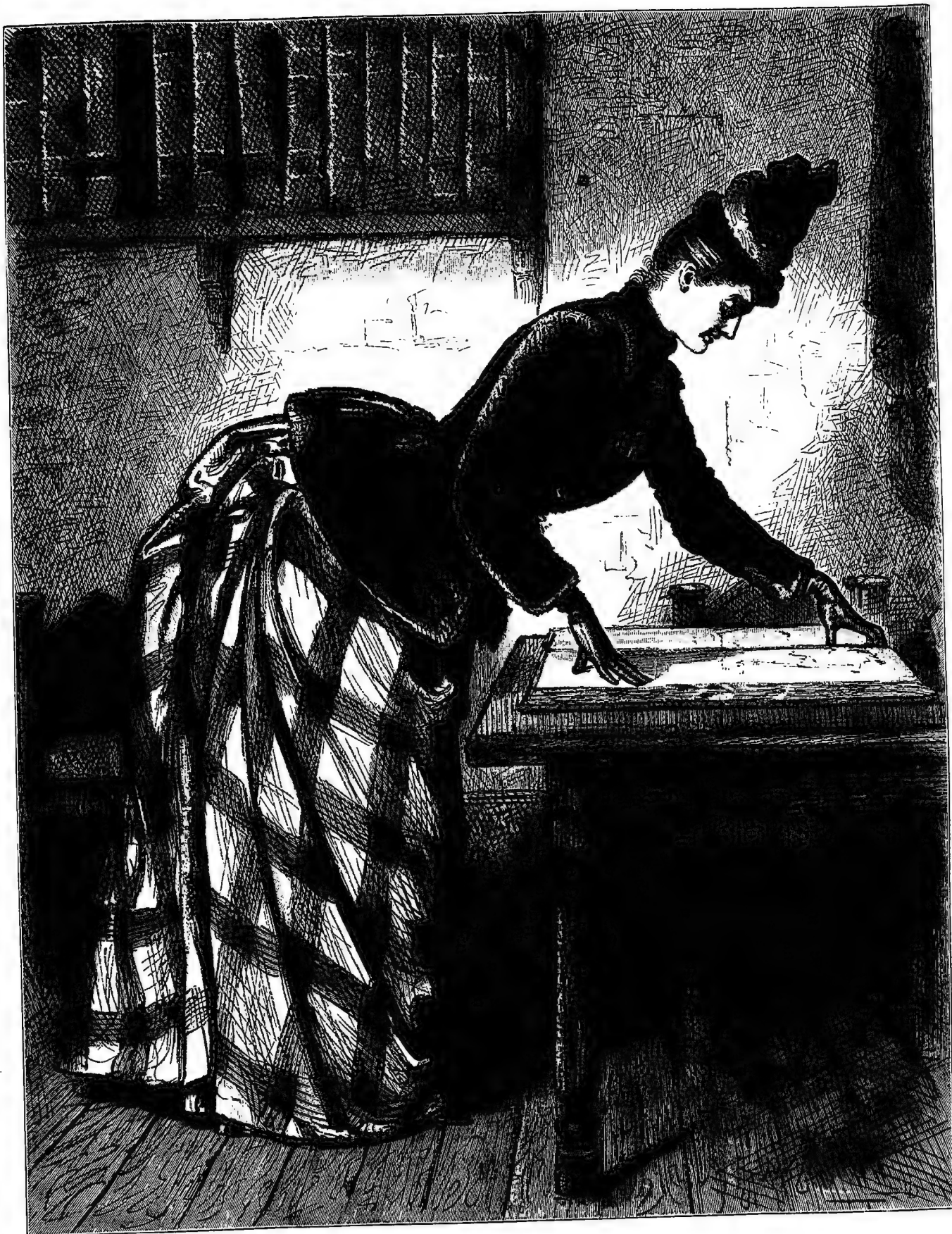
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THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XLI. THE INVITATION

THOUGH Mrs. Westrop's reference to the uncompanionable character of a trio (save for the singing of glees) is true enough in the general, it had but little application to the particular persons she had in her mind, for so very much was Mr. Gurdon at home with Charles and Lucy that he was hardly any impediment to their tender goings on at all. They liked him immensely, and, though so keen of eye and ear, he had a sort of "Don't mind me" way with him that made him quite the perfection of a "gooseberry-picker." For my part, I don't know a pleasanter trait in man or woman than the inspiration of this sort of confidence, though at the same time it was funny enough to see a young fellow only the senior of these young people by a month or two thus invested with the attributes of a Grandfather Whitehead. It was a case of "She saw I saw Esau," but without either Esau or herself being in the least disturbed by the circumstance.

The two were walking a little ahead of their trusted friend, under the shelter of the low boxwood hedge, in which he appeared to take some botanic interest, when he suddenly called out to them (much as "Cavè" is called by schoolboys), "There is somebody coming down from the house." Whereupon Charles straightened his arm, which had a crook in it, in which somehow his companion was involved, and began pointing out to her the beauties of Bridge Hill as though it were a novel object.

Lucy's heart "went pit-a-pat," and when she saw that it was Miss Mumchance who was the intruder upon her dreamland, it went faster still. She knew that it was "little" of her, as well as disloyal, to harbour any such suspicion, yet she could not help fearing for a moment that the heiress had come over to Mirbridge to make prey of her Charley. She thought him such a tempting morsel that nobody could resist him, and quite forgot that she had invited the new comer with her own lips, the other night at Catesby Hall.

"This is not the call I threatened you with," said Miss Mumchance, shaking hands with her very warmly, "or I would not have chosen so early an hour. We came over to inquire after your poor father, Mr. Charles, and are glad to hear somewhat better news than we had been led to expect."

"He is getting on, my mother tells me, as well as can be hoped for, though I have not seen him," answered Charley. "He is to be kept perfectly quiet, without excitement of any kind."

"I can easily understand that, and that Lady Trevor also does not wish to be intruded upon at such a time. That is why we came here for our news, instead of to the Court."

"Oh, but I hope you will come on to us," said Charley, earnestly, "for it would, I am sure, be a relief to my mother to see you. Indeed, I heard her laying special injunctions on the servants that, if you were good enough to make 'kind inquiries,' as the phrase goes, you should not be allowed to go without seeing her."

"That was very kind and friendly of her," said Miss Mumchance, "and, under those circumstances, I will certainly call. Perhaps

you will come with me," she added, turning to Lucy. "The fact is, I am a little frightened of Lady Trevor," she whispered, "and your presence would make it easy for me. There's plenty of room in the carriage."

"I'll come, of course; but I think I should prefer to walk," said Lucy, with an involuntary glance at Charley that caused the heiress and Mr. Gurdon to exchange significant smiles.

Of course Lucy preferred to be with her lover, but she also shrank from the companionship of Mrs. Westrop, of whom she stood in quite as great alarm as did Miss Mumchance of Lady Trevor, though she had no suspicion of her scheme to make Charley happy at her expense.

"Then we'll all walk," said Mr. Gurdon. "Two and two, you know, like good little boys and girls," he added assuringly in response to the mischievous shadow of disappointment that crossed Lucy's face.

"Only not the little girls together and the little boys together, as is done at school," added Miss Mumchance with wicked celerity.

"But then there's Mrs. Westrop," objected Charley, naively.

"Oh, I'll manage her," said the heiress, "if Mr. Charles will give me his hand for a moment up this slippery hill. It's only a loan, my dear," she whispered Lucy, as Charles helped her up the steep ascent that led to the verandah. They had scarcely reached it before Mrs. Westrop presented herself at the drawing-room window clothed with smiles.

"How are you, Mr. Charles? Don't trouble yourself to come in

to pay me your respects, I beg. You two make such a pretty picture, framed and glazed, that I don't want to see you any nearer."

She was delighted to see him thus companioned, and when she heard that the young people proposed to walk to the Court, if she didn't mind driving thither by herself, fell into the proposal at once.

Mrs. Thorne looked towards Clara, hoping, rather than expecting, that she would offer to accompany her guest; but that young lady made no sign. She might naturally have excused herself on the ground that she had been to the Court already that morning, but she was not—indeed she very rarely was—in an apologetic mood. She disliked the free-spoken widow very cordially, but if she had been her dearest friend, and her life had depended on it, she could hardly have been persuaded to have accompanied her. The Court and all belonging to it were, for the present, hateful to her; and the idea of meeting its mistress, as she must needs do if she would keep the knowledge of her defeat and humiliation to herself, was abhorrent to her mind. So the walking party started on their way in the order most agreeable to two of them, and by no means unpleasing to the other two; for their sympathy with the young couple was a bond of union between Mr. Gurdon and Miss Mumchance of a very genuine kind, each respected the other for the possession of it, and Mr. Gurdon sang Charley's praises, and Miss Mumchance Lucy's, with a most harmonious effect.

"It is plain that if that happy pair yonder"—for with great consideration they had allowed a space to intervene between them and the others—"could make a match of it, they would have our good wishes," said Miss Mumchance rather superfluously, but somehow the topic was attractive to her.

"That is all, unfortunately, I have to give them," said Mr. Gurdon, grimly, "and I don't think they have anything of their own. In such cases the making one and one make one is almost as difficult a feat as it would be in arithmetic."

"And even if you had anything to give them, I suppose that amazing pride which belongs to you men would prevent Mr. Charles accepting it?"

His companion's tone was so serious that Mr. Gurdon looked up at her inquiringly.

"Well, you know, a fellow doesn't like being beholden to another fellow—that is, to anybody but his own belongings—for his bread and cheese."

"Oh, yes, he will take bread and cheese, and turtle and venison, and lodgings of a very superior kind, but he will not share the purchase-money of these things even with a friend who has more than he can spend. That is one of the things that make money so hateful to me," said Miss Mumchance bitterly.

"Still, I have no doubt you make your money less hateful to other people," said Mr. Gurdon, smiling at his companion's indignation.

"I can give to the poor, of course, without inflicting any painful sense of obligation, but if I wish to benefit my friend, I find my hands tied by the merest red tape of obstruction. I am like a golden image, not particularly ornamental, but which is forbidden to melt, and thereby to be made itself useful."

"Still you do melt, and it seems to me rather easily," said Mr. Gurdon, with a glance at the young couple before them.

"It is easy enough to pity people. We know what the Scripture says of those who say 'Be ye warmed and filled' but give no bread and coal tickets. I wonder whether Mr. Charles would care to take an agency in Ireland? I have an estate with a good house upon it, that wants looking after by a just and kindly gentleman, rather than by an expert; as he will probably be shot at, the offer of such a post can scarcely invoke much obligation."

"I only wish I had such a chance to give him," said Mr. Gurdon, earnestly; "my estate—with its chateau—is unhappily in Spain, a still more unsettled country. Seriously, I believe our friend Charles would jump at it. Have I really your permission to sound him on the subject?"

"Well, of course; you surely don't think me capable of a joke, and still less of an effort of the imagination?"

"I think you—but I will not say what I think, Miss Mumchance," he answered warmly, "lest in your modesty you should fancy I was paying you compliments."

"For Heaven's sake don't do that, Mr. Gurdon," was the grave reply; and the pair walked on in silence till they reached the Court.

Here Mrs. Westrop came up with them in the carriage, and Hugh, as it happened, met the whole party as they entered the hall, and ushered the visitors with unwonted affability into the drawing-room. His face was serious, as suited with the occasion, but not, as usual, saturnine; as Mrs. Westrop afterwards observed, "grief seemed to agree with him," for never before had he shown himself so polite to her. When his mother joined them, as she almost immediately did, he transferred his attentions to Miss Mumchance, in a manner that would, perhaps, have been more gracious, and certainly more acceptable to her, if it had been less marked. Mrs. Westrop watched him with "the tail of her eye," as she talked with Lady Trevor of her invalid, and said to herself, "The wind has changed to that quarter, has it, Master Hugh? But you shall not cut out your younger brother, if I can help it." Never were good-natured endeavour and astuteness more ludicrously thrown away than in that good lady's case; in one of her objects, though a secondary one, she had, however, complete success.

"You have got that lovely locket on, I see, Lady Trevor, which aroused my covetousness on the first day I ever saw you. May I look at it a little nearer?"

The hostess smiled, and, disengaging the ornament from its little chain, at once placed it in the widow's hand, who took it to the window, as if to admire its workmanship, while Lady Trevor turned her attention to the other visitors.

After a few words about the park and the garden, of which the heiress, as well she might, was expressing her admiration, "I do hope, Miss Mumchance," she said, "that when my dear husband gets a little better Mrs. Westrop will spare you to me a few days here, though it is not the time of the year to see our local beauties at their best. It would be quite a charity to me, I do assure you."

While Miss Mumchance hesitated, the quick-eared widow answered for her.

"Mary Anne shall come, Lady Trevor; you may rely upon that, as far as I am concerned. If she imagines that I can't spare her, she was never more mistaken in her life; though you will find yourself mistaken too, my lady," added the speaker to herself, "if you think that she is coming to be Mrs. Hugh Trevor."

For poor Miss Mumchance there was nothing for it, of course, but to accept her hostess's invitation, which, indeed, she showed no unwillingness to do; and, as she glanced towards Mr. Gurdon as she did so, it is probable that she saw in it an opportunity of detailing to him her little scheme for making two lovers happy.

"Beautiful, beautiful indeed!" observed Mrs. Westrop as she returned the locket. "We have certainly few jewellers in this country who can rival the French. It was given you on your birthday, you told me, I think, by dear Sir Richard?"

"Yes," sighed Lady Trevor; "at a time when I little looked forward to seeing him as I saw him to-day."

The tears stole down her cheeks as she made that comparison between past and present which wrings so many a heart.

Lucy felt for her as she had never felt before, though she had always pitied her; but she had another cause for sorrow, which distressed her even more. In spite of an invitation from her hostess to stay for luncheon, backed by Charley's appealing eyes, she presently

withdrew with the two visitors, who dropped her at the Rectory gate on their way home.

"I am sorry to make you the bearer of bad news, my dear," were Mrs. Westrop's farewell words, as she put a pencilled note into her hands, "but I must ask you to give this to your sister. It refers to a little wager we had together, and which Miss Clara has lost."

In her agitation and distress of mind, Lucy paid scarcely any heed to the injunction. She had much worse news than that—or at all events what her sister would consider such—to give to Clara.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE REGISTER

IT was a relief to Lucy to find her people had already sat down to luncheon, so that for the present there was no opportunity of speaking with her sister alone. Whether, indeed, she would speak to her at all on the matter she had on her mind she had some doubts; to meddle with Clara's affairs was always dangerous, and pretty sure to be resented; how much more then was she likely to take amiss what, as in this case, must needs be a blow to her self-esteem. Ninety-nine girls out of a hundred in Lucy's place would probably have suffered their sister to find out what had occurred for herself; but disdainful of sympathies Clara had always shown herself to be, Lucy was resolved to break for her—so far as love could do it—the force of what she could not but believe would be a most cruel and unexpected blow. The thought of the ordeal before her, however, took away from her all appetite, and caused her to answer half mechanically the various questions her mother put to her about the reception of the visitors at the Court. One thing, indeed, she designedly told them, in order to some extent to prepare her sister for what was to follow, namely, that Lady Trevor had invited Miss Mumchance to pay her a visit. Though her mother observed "Indeed," with a significance that would have aroused any one's suspicions who was not a man, not only did the Rector receive the announcement as the most natural thing in the world, but it seemed to make no deeper impression on Clara herself.

"I think I will take another slice of ham, papa," was the remark she made at that juncture, and even condescended to a playful joust with him upon the right of the fair sex to change their minds. Like most masterful people, Clara had a wholesome appetite, and it was quite terrible to Lucy to see her dispose of her two or three dainty dishes with all her usual enjoyment, and then proceed to peel a pear. Under that mask of silence and composure, however, as Lucy well knew, there might be much at work, and once or twice she fancied that Clara stole a glance at her, pregnant with keen inquiry.

The Rector had matters to attend to in the village, and was the first to leave the table, and then Mrs. Thorne was summoned to an interview with the gardener; as the indoor servants took their dinner at that hour, the young ladies were thus left alone without any danger of interruption. Lucy trembled from head to foot with the burden of what she felt herself called upon to communicate, and could not find the fitting word with which to begin it. An opportunity was, indeed, presently afforded her, but in an incident which, notwithstanding its appropriateness to the occasion, only increased her embarrassment. After she had done with her pear, Clara took the peel and threw it over her shoulder (a thing they had often done as children) to see what sort of an initial it made on the floor.

"It is not much like an H, is it?" she observed coolly, while Lucy stared at the shapeless coil in horror. "Come, my dear," added Clara, laying a slender finger with unwonted tenderness on the other's cheek, "tell me the news with which I perceive your kind little heart is labouring."

But Lucy's tongue clave to her mouth. "It is so bad as that, is it?" continued the other. "I suppose I shall have to find it out by the Socratic method, as papa calls it. You know how clever I used to be at 'Twenty Questions.'"

This second allusion to their old childish games together, in the days in which if there were disappointments there were at least no catastrophes, completed poor Lucy's discomfiture, and she burst into a torrent of tears.

"Why one would really think this god-daughter of the Fairy Baccarat was coming after your own Charley," remonstrated Clara.

"I shouldn't mind that half so much, because I should know she had no chance," sobbed Lucy.

"Just so; whereas with Hugh you feel she will succeed," said Clara slowly. "You have the same high opinion of my lady's power of intrigue, then, that I have always entertained myself. Still, all is not lost that's in danger."

Lucy shook her head. She could not encourage what she knew to be false hopes, yet she had not the heart to speak the word that must needs demolish them.

"You think that all is lost, do you? I should be the better judge of that if I possessed the data from which you have formed your views. Just tell me what her ladyship said."

"It was not so much her words as her manner, Clara dear; her welcome to Miss Mumchance was so significantly warm, and her invitation to her couched in such very friendly terms. She said it would be a real charity in her to come and stay at the Court, and when Miss Mumchance was about to make some excuse, I think, that dreadful Mrs. Westrop accepted for her."

"Those two women are at cross purposes, nevertheless, my dear," said Clara, thoughtfully; "moreover, there is nothing so very alarming in this new-born desire of her ladyship to have a female companion. I am afraid that neither of us have so played our cards as to be eligible for such a post. I suppose she kept her darling Hugh in the background, not, of course, because she doubted of his making a favourable impression on any woman, but as a *bonne louche*. Did he put in an appearance at all?"

"It was Hugh himself who received us; and, Clara dear, his attentions to Miss Mumchance were, I am sorry to say, even more marked than those of his mother; they were, in short, unmistakable."

"Indeed!"

The word, usually so significant of indifference, was uttered in a tone, not only hard and dry, but even fierce. The bosom of the speaker rose and fell with stifled passion. There was a glare in her grey eyes such as is seen in a burning house a moment before the roof falls in and the flame leaps up at the sky.

"Perhaps it was 'only manner,' as dear mamma calls it," she continued with a forced smile and a catch in her breath. "Did he say anything to her particularly?"

"I heard him murmur, when his mother asked her to come to Mirbridge for her sake, 'and for mine too,' though I don't think Miss Mumchance heard him."

"He dared to say that, did he?" Clara flashed out; then, mastering herself with a great effort, she added bitterly, "How like him! How well I recognise his style of wooing. Did the others notice what was going on?"

"Not as I did, of course, though it could hardly have escaped their notice. Mr. Gurdon looked pained, I thought."

"Yes; I suppose there are some honourable men in the world; they are not all cowards and liars."

"Indeed, they are not," said Lucy, with a little flush.

Clara took no notice of this rejoinder; she seemed to be ashamed of her late outbreak, or, more probably, of the weakness that had permitted it. A look of icy calm, very different from resignation, but as quiet as though her noble features had been carved in stone, had succeeded their momentary fury. Condolence, Lucy knew, was out of the question, but the moment seemed opportune for a few words in mitigation of the calamity.

"Of course, darling, Hugh has behaved infamously, but does it not prove how totally unworthy he was of you? Is it not better that he should have shown himself in his true colours now than after it was too late? You know how I have always tried to make Charley think less hardly of him, but in vain. Is Charley one to think so ill of his only brother without just cause? Nobody, indeed, but his mother has ever had a good opinion of him except yourself."

"Who said I had a good opinion of him?" answered Clara, quickly. "I never attempted to deceive even myself about him, much less other people. I know his faults far better than you do; and I would have taken him with all his faults. I know, too, whom I have to thank for what has been done to-day. Let us say no more about it."

Lucy was far from wishing to prolong such talk, and, in fact, was shaking in her shoes. It seemed wonderful to her that she had ventured to say what she had said.

"Here is a little note which Mrs. Westrop told me to give you, Clara," she murmured, timidly.

Clara took the slip of paper, and glanced at it indifferently. Then suddenly her countenance lighted up.

"Do you know what is written here?" she inquired, excitedly.

"No, dear. Mrs. Westrop only said you had lost some little wager."

Clara Thorne did not look like a loser. She stood with one hand clenched on the table, and her face turned to the window; the autumn sun was shining full upon it, and such an expression Lucy had never seen her sister wear before. It was stern, and fierce, and triumphant. As she gazed, majestic and apart, up at the blood-red orb, certain lines descriptive of a noble bird of prey in act to swoop, involuntarily occurred to Lucy's mind:

He clasps the crag with hooked hands
Close to the sun in lonely lands.

He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

On whom, she wondered, was Clara about to fall? What could Mrs. Westrop have possibly written to have moved her sister thus? As she showed no disposition to speak, Lucy grew positively alarmed.

"My dearest Clara, what are you thinking of?" she inquired.

"How the whirlwind of Time brings about our revenges," was the enigmatic rejoinder. "It is a matter that may be for your benefit as well as mine, and therefore I have some claim to ask a favour. Will you promise me, Lucy, that you will never tell any human being what has just passed between us two?"

"But nothing has passed. You have told me nothing."

"So much the better for us both. Never speak of what you have heard or seen, or even thought, since we two have been here alone together. When the time comes, as I now think it will, when Charley and you will have everything in common, remember that this at least is not to be shared with him. Do you hear me?" she added impatiently.

"Yes, Clara."

"Then for your own sake, and for his, I charge you, *Heed*."

As she spoke the word with earnest gravity she swept out of the room, and closed the door behind her.

Lucy stood "with parted lips and straining eyes," like one awakening from some eery dream. Her sister had always been a problem to her, but had never shown herself so strange. She heard her go upstairs to her own room, and then descend and leave the house. What could have happened thus, in a moment, to have changed her despondency to triumph? What could have been in that note from Mrs. Westrop into which she was never to inquire, and concerning even the reception of which she had been enjoined so solemnly to keep silence? Above all, what could have made Clara speak so hopefully of her union with Charley, about which she had not only never before been sanguine, but had given her no sort of encouragement?

In the mean time Clara was walking with unusual speed towards the village. A hasty step, literally or otherwise, she never took. Even her quickest movements had a certain queenly grace; but there was a flush on her cheek and a fire in her eye, that afternoon, which spoke of unwonted excitement. At the entrance of the village was a footpath that led to the churchyard, and into this she turned. At the gate was the sexton's cottage, and here she called for the keys of the church. If it had been Lucy, the old fellow would have had a clack with her, and inquired what she wanted with them; but with Clara no such familiarity was ever attempted by the most confirmed of village gossips. It was not long ago that she had come, at her father's request, to examine the parish registers in reply to some correspondent; and no doubt, thought the sexton to himself, she had now come on a similar errand.

"Passon's getting his fees in," was his inward reflection as he placed the great key in her hand, with which was a smaller one that opened the vestry door.

Without one glance at the humble memorials of the departed to right and left of her path, nor even at the fine old church itself, yellow with lichen where it was not green with ivy, and hallowed with the prayers of a score of generations, Clara moved swiftly on. Her thoughts, though "of the earth, earthy," were not concerned with the dead, and still less with the Heaven which, let us hope, had received them. But in the porch she paused a moment ere she put the key in the door, and placed her hand upon her bosom—not that she needed breath, for her splendid physique would have known no loss of it had she walked twice as fast and far—but to still the emotions that were agitating it.

"It must be as I suspect," she murmured, like one who would re-assure herself before conviction; "my memory in such a matter could never have played me false. If it be so, my lady, you shall repent to your dying day of having put your foot upon my neck this morning. 'To-day for me, to-morrow for thee,' says old Sir Marmaduke's gravestone, a motto that holds no less good for the dead than for the living."

Then she opened the great door, locked it carefully behind her, and entered the vestry, where she took the same precaution; she even pulled down the blind over its little window, which was on a level with the ground, and therefore liable to possible scrutiny. On a shelf stood the registers, in volumes, with their proper dates, and selecting one of them without hesitation, she placed it on the little table, at which so many hands, trembling with love and joy, had witnessed to their marriage morn. Her own hand trembled with excitement as she rapidly turned over the leaves; she stopped at a certain baptismal record of three-and-forty years ago; on entry, which according to old fashion, also indicated the day of birth—"When and where born. Twenty-sixth of July, Mirbridge. Name Letitia Beeton."

Her eyes drank in the words as thirsty lips some longed for and delicious draught. With the first two columns only, as it seemed, she had to do, for she read no further, but perused them again and again, as if to make certainty doubly sure. Then she took from her pocket Mrs. Westrop's pencilled scrawl, and flattened it out upon the book, as though to compare line with line.

"You have lost your gloves," it ran, "I found Lady Trevor's age recorded in a locket given to her by Sir Richard on her birthday. She was forty-three on the 26th of last July."

(To be continued)

PERFUME SACHETS are the favourite gifts among young French girls just now. They must be made by the giver in the shape of some flower supposed to bring good luck, such as the edelweiss, in white velvet and cloth, the four-leaved shamrock in green satin, and the marigold in yellow silk.



THAT "Memory" (Kegan Paul) is in some very close way connected with association seems to follow from the strange power that men like Blackburne have of playing at once a dozen and more blindfold games of chess. An extension this of Houdin's power of naming after a rapid glance all the articles in a shop-front. M. Loissette's system appears to be based on the same principle, on which, too, Mr. D. Kay mainly relies for the practical part of his interesting book. He would reform education by strengthening the memory through exercise, constantly reviewing, for instance, what has been read or heard; cramming weakens, for it is a learning to forget again. He begins from the beginning; the alphabet he would teach orally, instead of trying to teach at once the sound, the shape, and the pronunciation of the letters. The same with foreign tongues, our system of teaching which sacrifices the learner to the ease of the teacher. If, as Mr. Kay says, every act of memory stamps an indelible mark on the organism, what a blurred mass a well-crammed organism must be. Mr. Kay is a materialist in the sense of believing that "memory is in a great measure a sense faculty," having a good deal to do with muscle, and accompanied with change of tissue, but he is also Spurgeonist rather than Pauline in regard to the Resurrection—the body, raised at the last, will show the marks of all mental acts. Genius, Mr. Kay reminds us, has been defined as "the power of concentrating and prolonging the attention on one subject," and is therefore akin to memory. Of systems of mnemonics he does not think highly, and he speaks with authority, having contributed the article on the subject to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eighth edition. He does not mention the old University plan of learning dates from word-endings, in which letters stand for numerals. His book is scholarly, and at the same time "popular;" we heartily recommend it.

Miss Montresor is delightful; and while the would-be scientist should read Mr. Kay, everybody, young folks above all, should look at her "Hobby Horses" (Allen and Co.), and learn how to ride one or more with greater profit than usually attends the backing of these often fractious creatures. For, to our author's thinking, a hobby is nothing if not useful. The well-broken hobby involves a scrap-book as inevitably as a horse involves the possession of a saddle or driving-harness; and such a scrap-book as Miss Montresor describes! It was made by her mother's governess in days when, paper being scarce, people wrote on backs of circulars, and when amateur binding was in vogue. Among her hobbies are seals, coins, postage-stamps, details of churches, so that the maker of such a scrap-book as she hints at would get to be a fair numismatist, and would have such a knowledge of the history of our dependencies as is rare in the Colonial Office, besides (though this is not saying much) having a far greater acquaintance with church architecture than most Anglican parsons. The book, lively and instructive, ends with a chapter on "Odd Hobbies," such as tavern-signs, trade-marks, &c. Few know that several of the soap and other advertisements were designed by Marks, Herbert, and other R.A.'s, whose sense of Art was horrified by the hideous posters that used to deface our walls. It is to be hoped they are not answerable for the growing *risqué*-ness of pictorial advertisements in some newspapers.

Collecting facts about his church is a useful hobby for a parson; and Mr. Buchanan, in "Memorials of Herne, Kent" (Elliot Stock), has set an example which might be followed with advantage both to the parsons and to the public. Herne (near Herne Bay) has some very good brasses; but its chief title to fame is that Ridley, a great pluralist, held Herne along with his Bishopric of Rochester. Of Ridley Mr. Buchanan wisely says, "Let us judge him neither as angel nor devil, but as a man." His panegyrists forget that on the day of his appointment to London he surrendered four of the best manors of the See nominally to the King, really to Rich, D'Arcy, and Herbert, three grasping courtiers; and that in a sermon at Paul's Cross he called Mary and Elizabeth bastards. Very amusing are the selections from the churchwardens' books. The dog-whipper, of course, got his 10s. a year; sparrows' heads varied in price from 2s. 2d. in 1706 to 2d. a dozen in 1720; charity vaunted not itself—"a company of slaves" got 5d., three travellers in want 6d., a traveller big with child to depart the place, 1s. Mr. Buchanan does not confine himself to Herne; he tells the shameful story of Reculver—pulled down, Roman basilica that it was, in 1809, and so badly rebuilt (at Hillborough) that it only lasted sixty-five years; and the far more shameful story of Blean, where, in 1791, ten acres of excellent charity land were leased for 102 years at two guineas a year, the *fine to vicar and eighteen parishioners being 240l.* In 1873 the Charity Commissioners had not succeeded in righting this gross wrong.

"Savage London" (Sampson Low) is a collection of powerful stories, mostly about riverside folk, though the grimmest of them all, "A Pilgrim's Progress," belongs to Cambridgeshire. There is a trick of Bret Harte in Mr. King's style, and not one of his stories can be read with dry eyes. Some are, like life itself, full of purposeless sorrow; but in some the sorrow is a blessed purifier, "Flags," for instance, is distinctly a useful character. We think the "mothers' meeting" would be rarely blessed which should substitute Mr. King's book for the usual "goody-goody."

"The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century" (Chapman and Hall) is a great subject, to which Mr. F. Hawkins has devoted two big octavo volumes, in continuation of his "Annals of the French Stage to the Death of Racine." The period is full of interest; Voltaire is the grand figure, and on him Mr. Hawkins has thrown fresh light—his quarrels with Crébillon; his success in checking Shakespeare-worship in France; his last act, a letter to young Lally telling him that his efforts to get his father's sentence reversed were at last successful. Gray ranked Voltaire's plays next to Shakespeare's; modern critics like Francisque Sarcey look on them with contempt. Of the man, our author well says: "Little as the fact seems to be acknowledged, Christianity does not need a misrepresentation of its foes." But Voltaire does not fill the period, which among other novelties saw the rise of the *Comédie larmoyante*, our melo-drama, and which counted a series of great critics, from Regnard to Beaumarchais, and of actors and actresses like Lekain and Mdle. Clairon and Marie Dangeville, and Dugazon and Dazincourt down to Talma and Vestris. Of all of them Mr. Hawkins has plenty to tell: and he is a sympathetic critic of the literature, as well as a good *raconteur* of the anecdotes, of the time. It was a time of transition; the Stage undoubtedly helped on the Revolution. Church and State had treated the players with equal scorn. The Church (as if jealous of those whose acting had taken the place of its Mystery Plays) denied them the rites of marriage, communion, and burial. What the State thought of them may be judged from the brutal cynicism with which Marshal Saxe, when forcing Madame Favart to be his mistress, spoke of "that poor devil of a vaudeville writer," her husband. Mr. Hawkins's is a book to dip into; and will furnish pleasant reading for a stay by the seaside.

The subjects of each pair of Mr. Freeman's "Four Oxford Lectures" (Macmillan) are quite distinct. Two treat of European history during the last fifty years; they are, in fact, Professor Freeman's Jubilee thoughts. He has, we know, no love for Austria—speaks in

terms which Faulconbridge might envy of "the great Austrian imposture;" and he, the enthusiast for nationality, "with, whom the extinction of a small State always goes against the grain," seems out of character as the apologist for the absorption of Hanover and the rest: "the Hildesheimer lost nothing by having to look up to one German king instead of another." In the other pair, "On the Teutonic Conquest of Gaul and Britain," he writes a good deal about himself. People have been wicked enough to accuse him, who lives among the "Welsh kind," "whose house is on the slope of Ben Knoll, who looks out on Penhill and Penard, on Creech Hill and Crook's Peak, to whom the Celtic *combe* is as familiar a word as the Teutonic *dale* is to a Yorkshireman," of having said the Britons were exterminated. He said no such thing; and what he did say he explains with even more than his usual *verve* in what is one of the best of his published pieces.

Two volumes of the admirable series entitled "Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art" (Müntz; Librairie de l'Art, Paris) are Viscount Delaborde's "Marc-Antoine Raimondi" and M. Eugène Müntz's "Les Collections des Médicis au XV^e Siècle." The interest of the latter depends on the immense influence on contemporary art exercised by these Medici Collections, which went on through ten generations. The work, which is an appendix to "Les Précurseurs de la Renaissance," contains a few well-chosen sentences about Cosmo and Lorenzo. Raimondi was the engraver of the Italian Renaissance, as his contemporaries Albert Dürer and Lucas of Leyden were of the German. He had the disadvantage, as compared with Dürer, of copying others' work instead of himself originating. Sometimes (as in the "Adam and Eve" of Raphael, p. 35) posterity has been the gainer; but one cannot help regretting that the man whose weird fancy could imagine the "Stregozzo" (*la carcasse*)—though even this has by some been assigned to Michael Angelo—should have been so chained to copyists' work that his *chef-d'œuvre*, technically speaking, is "St. Laurence's Martyrdom," after Bandinelli. The strong dash of heathenism in the Christianity of the Renaissance comes out in the strange mixture of subjects—"Mars and Venus" jostling a "St. Sebastian," the "Triumph of Galatea" close to "The Assumption." It is perhaps seen more strikingly in the figure of God the Father floating through the air, supported by three naked boys, like a Jove with three Ganymedes, to give His blessing to Noah. M. Delaborde goes at length into the controversy, touched on by Ottley, about Raimondi's famous engravings from Julio Romano's "Postures," the ultra-indecency of which offended even the Court of Leo X. Was M. Waldeck romancing when he announced his discovery of a complete set in a Mexican monastery? The plates were destroyed, it is said, about the middle of the seventeenth century by a French engraver, Jollain, who bought them for the purpose "of defeating hell by putting out of sight one of its chief snares." That all the impressions should have disappeared of what was, with Aretino's "Sonnets" as text, so very popular a work, is curious. There are a few fragments in the British Museum.

Trained by Francesco Saylor, Count Martinengo Cesaresco is a thorough horseman, and his "Functions of the Hands in Riding" (Edinburgh: Turnbull and Spears), is full of hints, specially useful to us English, who are too apt to think that riding, like the writing of tragedies, comes by instinct. It is curious to note how little the Count has to say about rearing. Of course the remedy is "to impede stopping;" but how if the horse begins to rear in a village street full of children, where a gallop might mean a case of manslaughter? We also demur to the dictum that a horse always gives notice of buck-jumping. These, however, are trifles; and the book is valuable, if only for its protest against the evil habit of holding on by the reins.

"The Badminton Library" gets better and better. Mr. M. Shearman's "Athletics and Football" (Longmans) is a delightful book, and invaluable for a school library. It begins with a history of English athletics, about which there is not very much to be said before Henry VIII.'s time—the bluff king was great at "throwing the hammer." The eighteenth century was the age of wagers—a strange race that must have been, the fat old man and the young fellow with a jockey on his back. "Athletic Government," school games, the rival merits of Rugby Union and Association, are all treated of. Mr. W. Rye writes on paper-chasing, and Sir R. Webster, Q.C., in the introduction speaks of the value of athletics to hygiene and to morals; "a schoolmaster is always most anxious about his loafers." The book is full of engravings after Stanley Berkeley and of instantaneous photographs by G. Mitchell.

We are glad that Mr. Balch's "The Everyday Dictionary" (Griffith and Farren) contains not only "colure" and "perieciar," but "combe," "Ogee" and "clerestory" are wanting; and they are surely far less technical than "brucine" and "syndes-mology."



"HERR PAULUS: HIS RISE, HIS GREATNESS, AND HIS FALL" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), or at any rate the first two-thirds of it, may unhesitatingly be set down as among the very best of Mr. Besant's work. As is always the case with the novels of that author, its execution is exceedingly unequal; but, on the whole, we cannot call to mind any which has so nearly kept up to the level of its best portions. The hero supplies a strikingly interesting study—that of a singularly pure-minded and amiable man who is induced, by extravagant vanity and uncontrolled imagination, to consciously and deliberately use his extraordinary skill as mesmerist, ventriloquist, and prestidigitateur, in conducting an impudent spiritualistic imposture of the first magnitude. Ziphion B. Trinder, styling himself Herr Paulus, is an idealised charlatan, all the more dangerous to the half-educated and credulous portion of society by reason of his exemption from the sordidness and vulgarity of the rival professors of occultism by whom he is surrounded and with whom he is contrasted. The novel ought to do good, as an exposure of a fashionable imbecility which seems only to die out in one form to reappear in another. Mr. Besant seems to have merely good-humoured contempt for the clumsy mountebanks who make a sadly uncertain livelihood out of other people's silliness; but to the willing dupes he shows no mercy. His portrait of Mr. Brudenel, the acknowledged leader of spiritualism in London, is a masterpiece of satire. He believes anything that Herr Paulus requires, except a repentant confession of imposture; and the ease with which he passes from one "solid rock" of assurance to another, is delightful altogether. With the penitence itself of Herr Paulus, through an honest love which, by subjecting him to another's influence, deprives him of his genuine mesmeric power, we fail to feel ourselves much concerned. The theory is pretty and poetical enough, but it is not a part of the "solid rock" on which Mr. Besant makes his readers stand like Mr. Brudenel. The novel is throughout written in its author's brightest style, and its humour is that of strong good sense, which is the best sort of all, just touched with sufficient pathos now and then.

"Wessex Tales: Strange, Lively, and Commonplace," by Thomas Hardy (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), is a title which contains a criticism, and one to which we must take a good deal of exception. Some of the stories are strange—strikingly and delight-

fully strange; but they are never commonplace, and not often lively. At any rate, when they are of the last-named quality, the liveliness is decidedly of a grim flavour, as in that strange and far from commonplace story where an escaped criminal meets by chance with the hangman on his way to operate upon him, and where the two make merry together, in, at all events, one-sided ignorance of the other's identity. How far Mr. Hardy has drawn upon local legend and romance we cannot venture to say; but the treatment and colour of them is all his own, and it is very long since so good a collection of hitherto scattered stories has been brought together.

"Miracle Gold," by Richard Dowling (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is rather a remarkable production. We have often had occasion to commend Mr. Dowling's powers of imagination, and can only suppose that, in this instance, they have been strong enough to bolt with him altogether. If his plot is entirely different from any that could have occurred to any other author, the advantage is not, for once, on the side of originality. His central character is a hideous and horrible dwarf, given to exclaim "Hah!" and with an odious habit of taking Eau de Cologne as if it were snuff. He concocts a scheme for buying stolen gold from a marine store-dealer, selling it at five shillings an ounce under the market price, and pretending that he has found out how to make it. How he intended to keep up the supply, or, if he could, why he should not sell it at full market price, we cannot quite comprehend. Meanwhile, he finds it necessary to hold secret interviews with his marine store-dealer; and so, that he may be able to prove an *alibi* whenever required, he invents and constructs a wonderful clock, to which that of Strasburg is a trifle, with an automaton, in the likeness of himself, to wind it up at fixed hours in full sight of an open window. After all this trouble it is rather flat that he should die penitent. We cannot think that Mr. Dowling kept to his original plot, supposing him to have had one. He must have intended to make some use of a likeness between two unrelated girls so great as to amount to physical identity; and he makes no use of it whatever. Probably the novel was written in a hurry. It reads rather crazy, so it, at any rate, escapes the charge of commonplaceness.

We should say that Annie Thomas's new novel, "Love's a Tyrant" (3 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), was also written at express speed. In any case, it is by no means one of her happiest efforts, and is painfully disfigured by coarseness of subject and execution, and by vulgarity of tone. Nobody, fortunately, is likely to be misled by taking her characters as representing any class of society, and the stupidity of their conduct, especially that of the villain, would be enough to destroy all interest in their relations and proceedings, even if any attached to them on other grounds. It is really difficult to understand how a clever writer should be so little of a self-critic as to imagine "Love's a Tyrant" to be worth publication. But, as we have often had occasion to observe before, there are sections of the reading-world whose tastes are incomprehensible to any persons but those who apparently write for those particular tastes, and for no other.

"Pearl Strutton's Life," by J. G. Holmes (3 vols.: Wyman and Sons), has an apologetic preface, in which the author limits his ambition to pleasing "Amelia" (Thackeray's Amelia), her father, her mother, and her brother. He must suppose them to be very easily pleased, more so than, we should have thought, would have been that most simple-minded and best-natured of Miss Pinkerton's pupils, not to speak of her family and friends. We are sure that even the most backward of them would have objected to such a phrase as "he rose his hat." However, the eccentricities of speech are not confined to grammar. The serious hero makes love in the style of Dick Swiveller, or rather, perhaps, of Mr. Guppy, and nevertheless affects the heroine to tears. In the preface, Amelia's father is supposed to find signs of inexperience, but to console the author with a "But, dash my wig, Rome wasn't built in a day." Agreeing with Amelia's father, we cannot see much promise of there being even a potential Rome to build.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"PHILASTER, AND OTHER POEMS," by Aston Clair (T. Fisher Unwin), is a volume considerably above the average. The opening piece, supposed to record the dying musings of an old philosopher, is told in good and sonorous blank verse, though marred in two places by rhyming lines; we fear that these reflections on the unknowable laws of existence are too metaphysical for the general, but the apostrophe to "Hope" at p. 13, is extremely fine. Mr. Clair might almost be dubbed the "Laureate of Hope," so strongly are his verses imbued with that cheerful grace, notably "From Arcadia to the Hesperides"—the man who could feel and write that, had no business to write such an absurd and unwholesome piece as "A Charge." "The Passing of Guinevere" and "Amphion" are little more than feeble imitations of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Lewis Morris respectively; the dying queen would certainly never have used second person plural in addressing Launcelot, and we should like to know how the author accents "Amphion;" the moralising in the latter is entirely out of keeping. By far the best thing in the book is "On the Amazon," a really fine poem in excellent Spenserian stanza; the love of nature displayed, and the descriptive power, would alone be enough to mark the piece as exceptional, without the delightful ballad at the end of it.

We cannot say much for "A Book of Verses" by William Ernest Henley (David Hutt); the author has, we should think, formed himself alternately on Walt Whitman and Heine. The hospital verses certainly savour of the former's influence, and we will frankly confess that there are two or three little poems which are not wholly unworthy of the latter's inspiration—witness those at pp. 67, 71, 92. We dislike the affectation which makes young writers adopt old French measures; but, if we must have *ballades*, *rondeaux*, and the like frippery, by all means let them be such as those at pp. 119, 131, 146. Is it the Prince of Wales whom Mr. Henley is so fond of apostrophising?

"Matin Songs" (Kegan Paul) is a rather pretty collection of juvenile verse; the author writes gracefully, and in a nice spirit, and has evidently aspirations after higher things, as shown in by far the strongest piece, "Our Saviours."

A small, but almost superlatively charming volume, is "Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland, 1888" (Dublin: M. H. Gill), most daintily produced, and dedicated to John O'Leary and the Young Ireland Societies. But the most rabid anti-Celt need not take fright at this latter fact: there is nothing in the book that could offend even the most bigoted, added to which, the various authors have by no means confined themselves to politics. Mr. W. B. Yeats, for instance, who ought to have a future before him, deals with romance in "The Stolen Child" and "The King Goll," whilst his love song from the Gaelic is pretty and tender; Mr. Rolleston's "Song of the Wicklow Seas" has the true salt savour in its ringing lines; "Aghadoc," by Mr. Todhunter, is an almost perfect lament; and it is a treat to meet with Miss Katherine Tynan again—by far her strongest poem is "Papist and Puritan," but there are most pathetic touches in "The Grave of Michael Dwyer." We ought also to draw attention to "Shameen Dhu" and that grisly "Ballad of '98."

We have also to acknowledge the receipt from Mr. Walter Scott of "Sacred Song; a Volume of Religious Verse," selected and arranged with notes by Samuel Waddington; and from Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co., the third volume of "The New Library Edition of Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare," containing the Comedies.

PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, II.—MR. EDWIN LONG, R.A.

MR. EDWIN LONG is a peculiarly satisfactory and grateful text on which to enlarge, if only for the reason that by some paradox of fate his personality is but little known to the readers of Art journalism of the less ephemeral sort, and even, too, of Art literature. The cause for this strange omission is doubtless to be found in the temperament—reticent and retiring—of the man himself. In these circumstances, then, it will be well to bring about the introduction at once between the reader and the painter in his home, and briefly to note the main incidents of his artistic life.

Within a few yards of the "Labyrinth"—the house he occupied for some years in Fitzjohn's Avenue—Mr. Long has, within the last few months, built himself a larger and less complicated dwelling, the latest of Mr. Norman Shaw's architectural achievements. The front door, as it glistens under the ample porch, is a marvel to look at, consisting as it does of brass plates beaten out into the representation of the adventures of a mediæval knight at the wars—his departure, his victories, and his glorious return. This curious arrangement, executed by Mr. Drummond after Mr. Long's design, recalling in a way the strips of the Bayeux Tapestry, is fixed in position by massive protruding eagles' heads—a quaint device, borrowed from a Spanish example. Passing through the hall, where two beautiful mosaics, recently discovered on the site of Carthage (though apparently Roman in character) are the chief decorations, we reach the studio by the splendid corridor that has been designed, it would seem, to allow of the inmates taking extensive walking exercise on a rainy day, or for hanging up long rows of Elizabethan ancestors.

The studio on the first floor is a large and lofty, but thoroughly comfortable apartment, panelled in dark unpolished oak to within a few feet of the ceiling—so different to the ancient temple, with its Pompeian corner, in his other house; while three-score sketches and studies of heads, to which I shall refer later, decorate the room all round. A little studio, shaped like a large alcove, juts out from the bigger room, and is furnished with a top light for the better painting of outdoor effects. In front of a huge canvas—Mr. Long, if I am not mistaken, is the producer of more big pictures than any other living member of the Royal Academy—stands the object of my sketch, a man who bears his character and his heart upon his face. Above all things serious, frank and somewhat blunt in expression, kindly in manner, while he betrays, without attempt at concealment, a certain degree of nervousness, he is one of those who, though he may be a new acquaintance, appears at once an old friend. His perception of character is a matter of repute; indeed, I have heard him say that in his judgment of a man he has never made a mistake in his life. It is a rare boast, but easily acceptable when one reflects how much his own frankness of demeanour inspires the confidence of those with whom he comes in contact.

Mr. Long's method of procedure is at least as interesting as that of other artists. His subjects he gets in all sorts of ways. In the early days he was inspired chiefly by observation and travel, when, judging from his works, he strove to emulate John Phillip. Later on, the study of the classic and Oriental authors, and still more recently, as every one knows, the Bible, directed his choice. Having obtained his subject, which, nowadays, if important at all, deals chiefly with Oriental archæology, he thinks it out in its entirety, and then sets about making a charcoal sketch of the whole. To determine the plan, he will place the chairs about the studio in the relative places to be adopted by the various characters in the design, and then contemplate the view from different points of the compass, arranging, altering, re-arranging, until the resemblance to the original becomes sometimes more or less remote. When his mind is made up, and "the plot" is definitely determined, the models are brought in, and careful final studies are made of every figure and every detail. Then, without waiting to make a "finished sketch," as is the case nine times out of ten with his compeers, he straightway draws the picture upon his canvas, and proceeds with his work, surely, and, nowadays, slowly—though in his younger days great rapidity was among his remarkable gifts. Careful, certain, and industrious, as well as rich in invention, and of striking conscientiousness, he sticks to his work with the utmost enjoyment, appreciating most, above all things, the difficulties presented by the problem of composition; and when these are overcome comforting himself for the comparative straightforward simplicity of his task with the company of one of his pets—his terrier, maybe, which, as you may see in M. Rénouard's drawing, he loves to have with him while he paints.

The picture that is most interesting to him, because the most complicated and difficult, that he has yet painted is the one in this year's Academy—"The Crown of Justification"—representing the trial of the dead by the living as described by Diodorus Siculus in his history of the Egyptians. To facilitate matters in this work—which has given him twelve months' hard labour—Mr. Long modelled the whole *mise-en-scène* as well as the *dramatis personæ* in clay or wax, clothing the latter with rags wound round them, or with little robes from the diligent hand of his wife. It was as he was moving these little figures about, planning their final disposition in the improvised Egyptian Court of *post-mortem* Justice, that the writer broke in upon him, and found the painter *par excellence* of Oriental antiquity adopting much the same device—that of dressed dolls—as was employed by the elder Dumas, and by more than one English novelist.

Mr. Long began his career and made his reputation solely as a portrait-painter, and a hard struggle for some years he had of it. Composition was entirely beyond him, or, at least, outside his thoughts, excepting in so far as concerned the pose of the sitter. He had already achieved some success in this branch of Art, when he went to Spain, as most portrait-painters do, to worship at the shrine of Velasquez, and afterwards proceeded on good advice to Seville to

study Murillo. He then determined to wait and see the religious ceremonies which were just about to begin. This decision really settled his career, for the very next day he perceived a beggar settled in front of a church holding aside a curtain for a lady and child to the pass, and so picturesque was all the group, after the manner of the Spanish beggars and ladies, that on returning to his studio he made a sketch of the scene. This was his first composition. The next year, on his return to England, he painted a picture from the sketch, but thought no more of it till his friend Mr. Hardy suggested its contribution to the exhibition of the British Institution, which was then showing signs of the decay that not long after overtook it. The picture was there hung upon the line, sold on private-view day, and was well criticised in the papers. All this success simply staggered the artist, who had built no hopes upon the matter, and evidently had been the victim of his own modesty. How many other artists can say as much?

He now went again to Spain, and returned with a harvest of pictures, some of which were duly exhibited, chiefly at Wallis's Gallery; but the whole thing turned out a failure, for he did not sell a single one of them. His third visit to Spain was the most interesting, as well as the most successful. Whilst painting he bribed one of the uncouth shepherds of Andalusia to sit to him and, struck by the enthusiasm aroused in the man to whom he paid a peseta, actually allowed himself to be persuaded to join the man and his companions, and live with them for a month or more upon the mountains far away in the heart of the country, and this in spite of all the urgent warnings with which he was hotly plied by the English Consul. He was the first Englishman who had ever left the beaten path, but the result vindicated his courage and his faith in the shepherds, who, he was firmly convinced, were all "good fellows," and the result laid the founda-

this wise. Fired in his imagination by the types to which he had been devoting himself, and ambitious of producing a work more important than any he had yet painted, he set about the study of ancient history, so that he might combine Art and Archæology in a more thorough manner than he or others were at the time attempting. In 1873, therefore, he set about reading the classic historians in general, and while engaged on Mr. Swayne's "Herodotus," he was struck by the description of the ingenious process whereby the Babylonians procured husbands for their maidens, and caused the Bidder for the Beauty to pay the dowry of his bid to the Receiver of the Plain. This subject, hitherto pictorially untouched, was difficult of realisation. It was so full of promise that the artist clung to it for a couple of years or so without being able all the time to realise the composition of the scene. Suddenly, one night, whilst playing whist, as I have heard him tell, the whole picture, much as it stands now, with the figures of the maidens all in a row, flashed across his mind, and he could hardly sleep that night for the eagerness with which he waited for the morning. Its success, as everybody knows, was of the most striking kind. Mr. Ruskin in his "Academy Notes" declared it a picture of rare merit, and curiously suggested that it was "well-deserving of purchase by the Anthropological Society." This Society, having in all probability no funds at its disposal for the purpose named, did not accept this proposition, but the Royal Academy welcomed the artist into its outer fold on the strength of the picture, the extreme subtlety of character and absence of affectation in which had charmed the Grand Old Critic. Then came the passionate desire to visit Egypt, and study type and character on the spot; and with such practical result did he carry out his purpose that on his return he repainted much, and improved still more.

Next came "The Egyptian Feast," with the mock mummy on a bier, as is so graphically told by Herodotus in "Euterpe." In this work, rising higher than he had hitherto touched, he carried his antiquarian research to its furthestmost point. Indeed, the artist went so far as to introduce a pineapple in the feast on the authority of a certain recent traveller, who had discovered modelled representations of the fruit in recently-unearthed tombs, which proved them to have been not unknown at the period of the picture.

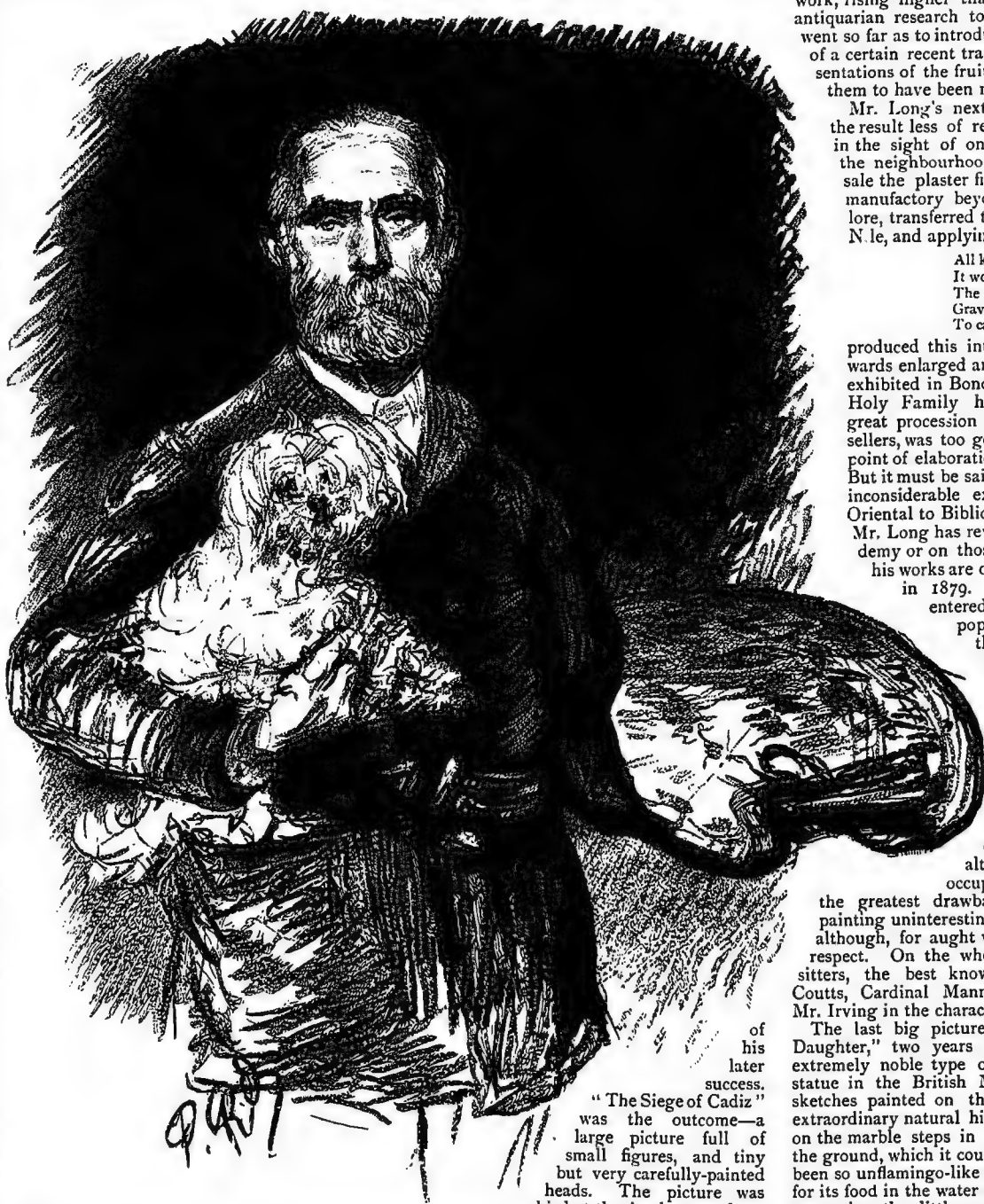
Mr. Long's next success, "Gods and Their Makers," was the result less of research than of accident. It had its origin in the sight of one of the many little shops that swarm in the neighbourhood of St. Sulpice in Paris, displaying for sale the plaster figures of the Saints. Catching sight of the manufactory beyond, his mind, now imbued with Egyptian lore, transferred the scene in imagination to the banks of the Nile, and applying and illustrating Juvenal's lines—

All know what monsters Egypt venerates;
It worships crocodiles, or it adores
The snake-gorged ibis; and the sacred ape
Graven in gold is seen . . . Whole cities pray
To cats and fishes, or the dog invoke.

produced this interesting picture. The same idea was afterwards enlarged and developed into the vast "Anno Domini," exhibited in Bond Street. The dramatic contrast between the Holy Family hastening into Egypt and encountering the great procession of idol-bearers, idol-worshippers, and idol-sellers, was too good to be resisted, and was worked up to a point of elaboration almost surpassing anything done before. But it must be said that Cardinal Newman's "Callista" to no inconsiderable extent suggested the composition. From Oriental to Biblical *genre* is but a step, and from time to time Mr. Long has reverted to it, whether on the walls of the Academy or on those of the private exhibition where several of his works are on view. "Esther" and "Vashti" appeared in 1879. In the next year "Assyrian Captives" entered once more into archæology. Then, more popular than any of his works—more popular, that is to say, with the masses, as it is the fashion of the day to call the people—was the "Diana or Christ." It need hardly be pointed out that for this suggestion he went to the "Martyr of Antioch" and other versions, with the result as set forth in 1881.

I have mentioned that Mr. Long began his artistic career as a portrait-painter pure and simple, and that he drifted into the higher branch of history. He has never entirely given up portraiture, however, although it is not nearly so interesting an occupation for the imaginative painter. Perhaps the greatest drawback to it is the necessity of occasionally painting uninteresting persons, people pictorially contemptible, although, for aught we know, extremely worthy in every other respect. On the whole, however, he has been fortunate in his sitters, the best known of whom are the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Cousins, Lord Iddesleigh, and Mr. Irving in the characters both of "Gloucester" and "Hamlet." The last big picture, it will be remembered, was "Pharaoh's Daughter," two years ago; and it may be mentioned that the extremely noble type of the heroine's head was painted from the statue in the British Museum, though the landscape was from sketches painted on the spot. It has been pointed out as an extraordinary natural history error that Mr. Long has represented on the marble steps in the picture a flamingo picking up seed off the ground, which it could not possibly succeed in doing had it even been so unflamingo-like as to try, for this race of bird only fishes for its food in the water or the mud. But, after all, this *lapsus* is no worse than the little eccentricities we have lately seen from the most eminent hands, such as lizards *basking in the moonlight and with their red spots showing!* (of course, colour is invisible by the light of the moon); of a lion drinking like a dog, instead of like a cat—the tongue being reversed; of pelicans eating butterflies—of galloping huntsmen with their spurs on upside-down—of a rainbow with its colours in the reverse order—and a hundred other playful little phenomena of the artist-poet's unfettered imagination.

I referred a short time ago to the studies of heads that hang around Mr. Long's new studio. These pictures, though all of a size, were painted during the artist's various trips to Spain and Africa, and recall many a pleasant recollection, and many a curious incident. The Spaniards, for example, and especially the gypsies, are splendid sitters; they enjoy the idea of assisting in an artistic pursuit, and appreciate still more keenly the unusual and delightful and altogether agreeable experience of being paid handsomely for doing nothing. With the Africans, however, and above all the Moors, the matter is different, the inclination, the laws, and the bastinado of the people being against the practice. One man, a soldier, here painted, was bastinadoed nearly to death merely for having posed. A young girl, no great beauty either, was bribed into uncovering her face for a short time, and was carried, for that purpose, into the improvised studio on a mattress, white with fear, and trembling. To a chief—an unusually fine type—Mr. Long offered a sovereign an hour, more money, probably, than he had ever had in his life before, but he was beyond the seductions of Frankish gold. Had it not been for his Jewish servant, it would have gone hard with Mr. Long. Every evening at sunset this young fellow would forage around for models for the following day, and seldom failed to bring in a man or boy worthy of his brush. But even then, though they posed well enough, they evidently hated the work, and no sooner did they hold the money than they fled from the room,



of his later success.

"The Siege of Cadiz" was the outcome—a large picture full of small figures, and tiny but very carefully-painted heads. The picture was skied at the Academy, and was since sold at Christie's for 2,000l.

This little incident reminds me that Mr. Long, most academic of Academicians, most successful among successful artists, has had as hard a battle to fight, and as many cruel disappointments to endure, as any of the younger men whose "bitter cry of outcast artists" is raised so loudly after every Academy Exhibition. Considering the excellence, or, at any rate, the popularity of Mr. Long's work at the time, it is curious to observe how badly he was often treated in his placing on the walls of the Academy; for things were not nearly so well managed in Trafalgar Square as they are in Burlington House. In 1871, when his "Question of Propriety" became the talk of the town, it was placed on the topmost line, where the quality of the work was entirely beyond the power of a lynx to see or to judge; and yet Ansdell, who was one of the hangers, and a kindly and sympathetic friend of the young artist, actually had the assurance, all unconscious of course, to take him to see where his picture was hung, and claimed for himself the credit of having obtained for him so enviable a position! This was the little picture of that name; the big one, if I am not mistaken, now adorns the Melbourne Gallery. The next year came "The Suppliants," another picture of Spanish life, for which the artist was paid 1,500l., including copyright, and which was bought for the Royal Holloway College a year or two ago for 4,305l.; while, at the same time, "The Babylonian Marriage Market" was added to that collection for 6,605l. I quote these figures in order to show to what extent the artist's reputation had risen; for in this commercial country an artist's popularity not only influences price, which is as it should be, but to a considerable extent depends upon it, which is as it should not.

The chief landmark in Mr. Long's career is undoubtedly "The Babylonian Marriage Market," and the painting of it came about in



KATE PERUGINI
"AN AMERICAN APPLE"
Royal Academy



SAMUEL E. WALLER
"THE MORNING OF AGINCOURT"—HENSEY V. ART. II. SCENE I.
Royal Academy



WALTER C. HORSLEY
"A FRIENDLY POWER IN EGYPT"
Royal Academy



EDWIN DOUGLAS
"FANTAILS"
Royal Academy



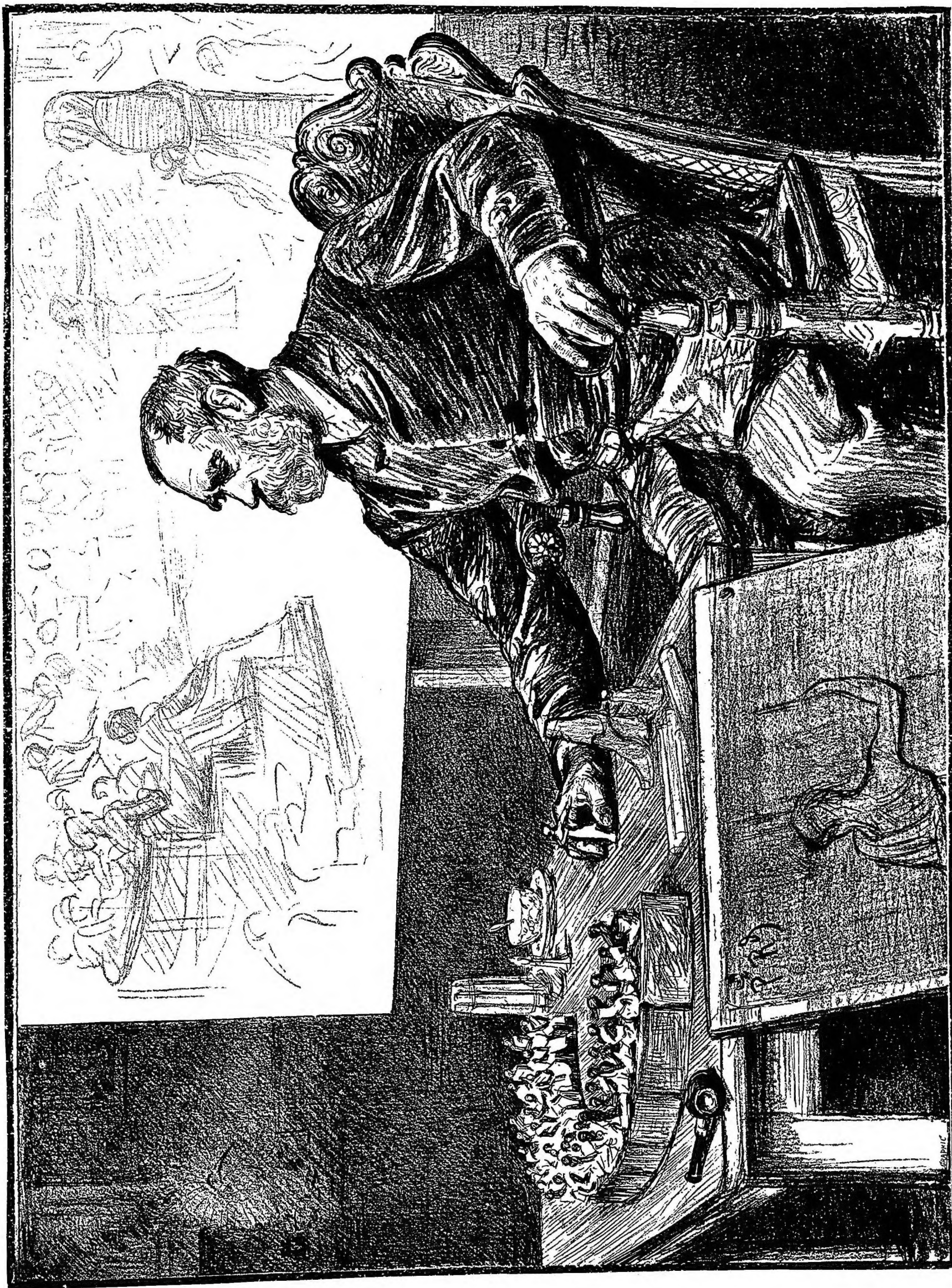
FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.
"WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE CHURCH"
Royal Academy
"But I must also feel as doth a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me."—SHAKESPEARE



B.W. LEADER, A.R.A.
"THE SANDS OF ABERDOVEY"
Royal Academy



W.E. YEATS, R.A.
"THE ROYAL STANDARD"
Royal Academy



PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, II.—MR. EDWIN LONG, R.A. ARRANGING WAX MODELS FOR THE GROUPING OF HIS PICTURE "THE CROWN OF JUSTIFICATION"

DRAWN FROM LIFE

never, in any case, so much as casting a glance on their canvases.

Mr. Long's career, here all too inadequately sketched, is one of the most encouraging that could be held up before the student and the "struggling artist." Encountering difficulties of all kinds, and suffering rebuffs that have crushed many a man before now, Mr. Long battled bravely onward, and literally took fortune by storm. With the weight of but half-a-century upon his shoulders, he has conquered his position in the world of Art, and in spite of the carping critic who declared that "the Royal Academy has made Mr. Long an R.A., but the universe cannot make him an artist," he has established himself a leading favourite in the esteem of the people whom he has known how to interest and to teach. What more he will do remains to be seen; but even though he be content to "rest and work no more," his fame and reputation will not suffer nor his memory die out of their heads or their hearts.

M. H. SPIELMANN

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE Cyclone Pulveriser is a machine which has for some months been in use in America, and which has just been introduced into Europe by Messrs. Couper, McCarnie, and Co., who recently afforded us an opportunity of seeing it in action. Although there are many pulverising machines known they most of them act by means of beaters or rollers, but in the machine under consideration quite a new principle is brought into play. The idea of this machine was conceived by an American inventor, who had opportunities of witnessing the vast destruction worked by cyclone storms, and who determined to construct a machine which should generate a similar kind of storm on a small scale. The result of his efforts is now seen in the Cyclone Pulveriser. The machine consists of a circular iron box, in which revolve opposite to, and a few inches from, one another, two fan-blowers, resembling six-bladed screw-propellers, which are made of chilled iron. These fans revolve in opposite directions, at the great velocity of 2,000 revolutions per minute. Each raises a cyclonic storm in the closed box, and in the space between the two fans these miniature whirlwinds meet. The matter to be pulverised is now fed into the box by means of a screw-feeder. It falls into the opposing currents of air, and its particles, by attrition against one another, are almost instantaneously reduced to dust. The top of the closed box is connected with a settling-chamber, in which the pulverised material is collected, in three or four different grades of fineness. The substances capable of being treated by this wonderful machine can be of any description, but must be comparatively dry. Among these may be noticed quartz, and ores generally—iron slag, bone, flint, plumbago, mica, asbestos, feathers, bark, and all kinds of drugs and chemicals. It will thus be seen that the Pulveriser can be a useful aid in a variety of different trades.

Some interesting observations relative to the composition of ancient paper have recently been made by Dr. Wresner, who has been examining, microscopically, a number of specimens in the Museum at Vienna. Contrary to general belief, he has proved that linen rags were used in the manufacture of paper as early as the eighth century. He also found, in specimens of the same date, traces of cotton, hemp, and animal fibres, and that the papers examined—mostly of Oriental origin—had been *clayed*, like modern papers. He was even able to say that this claying operation had been performed by means of starch paste from wheat and buckwheat.

It is said that on the banks of a certain river in North West Canada pieces of metallic iron are found which in some cases weigh as much as twenty pounds. They are supposed to be the result of a process of natural smelting. They occur in a lignite formation, which is associated with clay shale and soft argillaceous sandstone, containing nodules of carbonate of iron. It is supposed that the lignite has at some time been burnt, leaving ashes, burnt clay, and these lumps of reduced metal.

It will be remembered that some months ago we recorded the invention by Lieut. Zalinski of a dynamite gun which propels its projectile by means of compressed air—the sudden shock of gunpowder being liable to explode the dynamite shell before leaving the weapon. Mr. Maxim, the inventor of one of the most successful of the machine-guns, has now contrived a method of employing dynamite shells, which seems to be an improvement upon that of Zalinski, and which renders possible the employment of guns of heavy calibre. Zalinski's gun is a long tube, which may be compared to an enormous peashooter. Maxim retains this pneumatic feature, for he starts the projectile by means of compressed air—but this air is mixed with gasoline vapour, or other volatile hydrocarbon, so as to form an explosive mixture, and after the shell has traversed the gun for a short distance, it acts upon a fuse, and the gaseous mixture is fired. The dynamite shell is in this way subjected to a gradually-increasing, pushing action, free from all sudden shock. We may mention here that an American firm has just manufactured a dynamite shell of huge proportions. It consists of a seamless brass tube, six feet long, and fourteen inches in internal diameter. It weighs, with its charge of six hundred pounds of explosive gelatine, no less than 800 pounds. The casing of the shell is only three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, and has been drawn cold by means of hydraulic pressure. It forms a curious contrast to the thick iron bombs, with their comparatively feeble charge of gunpowder, which were used as lately as the Crimean War.

The improved method of grinding corn by means of steel rollers represents a form of competition against which the ordinary miller and his men cannot stand, and for this reason many mills, driven by either wind or water, are now untenanted and valueless, except from an artistic point of view. But there is some chance that they may be enlisted in a new service—namely, that of storing power for electric lighting and other purposes by means of the modern dynamo-machine. Sir William Thomson long ago suggested the application of wind power to this purpose, and water power is being used for such work in many places. Professor Blyth has lately detailed to the Glasgow Philosophical Society a number of experiments which he has been making in this direction. At a cottage at Marykirk, where he spent his summer holidays, he erected a windmill, 33 ft. in height, with four sails of the familiar pattern, each 13 ft. long. This windmill turned a flywheel which was geared to a dynamo-machine, and the dynamo was employed to charge a number of storage cells. By this comparatively simple arrangement he was able to light his cottage with ten incandescent lamps at night, and to drive a lathe when required in the daytime. On one occasion, when there was a good breeze, he stored enough power in half-a-day to give light for three or four evenings.

A courteous correspondent calls our attention to some notes which lately appeared in these columns relative to the forms of lightning as revealed by various photographs exhibited by the Meteorological Society. In contrast to these was also exhibited an example of "painter's lightning" made by Mr. James Nasmyth in 1856, which showed the angular form of flash which has become a tradition in works of Art. Our correspondent points out that he has seen natural flashes of this description, a statement which we have no reason to doubt, when it is remembered that lightning assumes most varied forms. But that this particular zigzag appearance is very unusual, is proved by the fact that among the many dozens of photographs in the collection alluded to it found no place. It is worthy of note that Mr. Nasmyth, a close observer of

nature, made this drawing at a time when photographs of lightning flashes were unheard of—if not impossible.

More than 25,000 railway carriages, British and Foreign, are now lighted by compressed oil gas on the Pintsch system. It was recently stated by Mr. Tomlinson at the Institute of Civil Engineers, that this method of lighting, as applied to the Metropolitan Railway, had paid for its installation in three years. If this be the case, those companies which still adhere to flickering oil-lamps, of ancient design, are not only treating their passengers very unhand-ly, but are singularly remiss to their own interests. The Pintsch system, we may add, is much used for the lighting of buoys, and in this way will presently help towards the illumination of the Suez Canal. Enough gas can be compressed into a buoy of moderate size to feed a continuously burning lamp for about two months.

The automatic drop-penny machine system for the distribution of sweetmeats, cigarettes, scent-bottles, post-cards, and other trifles, is being carried to a ridiculous pitch. In the American Exhibition last year a pill manufacturer purveyed his remedies by the same means, and a sufferer from any disease was able to obtain relief by dropping a penny in a box and touching a particular knob in a nest of drawers. But the acme of absurdity is reached in a patent specification recently published. The patentee describes a machine by which a person on payment of a fee, in the usual manner, will have his photograph taken by a concealed lens, and delivered to him automatically as a finished picture. An examination of this document by even a beginner in photography, will quickly show that the invention, like many other things patented, is impossible of realisation.

T. C. H.

A SUBURBAN WALK

"I KNEW this place when it was all fields" is the cry of the astonished visitor to one of the outskirts of London, with which he was familiar ere it fell under the hand of the builder. The thought and the feeling which accompanies it were mine when, in the frame of mind that seeks solace in the "peace of green things," I revisited one of the suburbs of North London that had afforded me many a pleasant walk when a boy. In those early days it was at one time an unknown country to me, and had all the charms of the possible vastness of the unexplored.

Like Charles Lamb, in his youthful wanderings along "the vales of Amwell," I went forth in a Brucian spirit of exploration. At the point where civilisation ceased, the wild commenced in the form of a steep hill, traversed by a narrow path which, bounded by two hedges, could at some distance be seen climbing the acclivity. True, the fields which lay on either side were generally used for brick-making, and were redolent accordingly, but the grass grew greenly in them, and wild flowers came out at the margin of the path. It was generally late in the evening when I arrived at the spot, and the gathering gloom of night flung a beauty and a mystery over the scene that made one forget the bricks, or even lent their long roofed rows a softening glamour.

But it was when one reached the top of the lane that the full effect of the situation was felt. As far as the eye could see, wide, verdant fields sloped down into a valley, and rose up the opposite side, broken only by woodland and ancient village, until the horizon closed the view. From this breezy spot it was said, and probably with truth, that "one could see into three or four counties," and my young imagination at this geographical wonder was fired accordingly. The adjacent descending fields were brightly green, unsoiled with patches of naked earth, and bore flowers in the warmer months of the year, whilst the hedges were bushy, and by their thickness so effectually divided one field from another as to seem to add to their extent, and consequently to the pleasure of exploring them.

Away to the right a field of long grass, in which horses fed, sloped down to another field, through the middle of which ran a railway track, the ugliness of which was hidden by a hedge and a pitched hoarding. This hoarding ran along a steep, grassy bank, which formed one side of the path, whilst a close hedge on which the May grew formed the other, and in the pleasant spring and summer evenings it was delightful to scramble up and down this bank, whilst the soft, fragrant wind kept up a constant humming through the telegraph wires which surmounted the bank. This path passed by some fields into another, which was darkened by elms and chestnuts which grew along its sides, and was very pleasant to pass through when the moonlight flooded the open fields, or brought the dark forms of the elms and chestnuts out into strong relief.

Immediately beyond this path lay the village of Hornsey, with, at that time, delightful walks in its neighbourhood. In later years I occasionally revisited this spot, and noted that the spoiler was assiduously at his work.

On the last occasion on which I had paid particular attention to his progress, he had levelled the hedges which ran along the steep path up the hill, exposing in all their nakedness the brick-fields, whilst all away to the west whole streets of new houses attested his activity. But you could still stand at the brow of the hill amid fields yet unmarred by the builder, save where his brother Philistine, the railway engineer, had been busy, for the pitched hoarding which shut out one railway-track had now been levelled, and another railway track in all the hideousness of staring brown earth and rusting iron was in course of construction through the fields. The dear old grassy bank was gone, and so was the hedge where the May grew, and in its place was a ditch in which stinging-nettles flourished. The other end of the path still existed with the elms and the chestnuts along its sides, and on the latter the young leaves were just bursting, resembling in shape a half-opened parasol, and were so tender and freshly-green that I had never seen them so beautiful before, nor have I since.

The other evening, when I returned to these scenes again, I paid close attention to the further advance of the destroyer, like one who, having been unable to avert a catastrophe, finds some pleasure in the despair of dwelling upon the ruin. The brick-fields were still there—the use to which they had been put had saved them; but a row of red-brick villas with small gardens in front ran up to their margin. Across the field on the left, and behind, one could see nothing but glaring red-brick edifices. Some were in a completed condition, in all the dignity of raised step, and front garden, and high-sounding name on lintel, or served a genteelly useful purpose in a professional way, such as a ladies' school, or an academy for music. Others again were in all degrees of an unfinished condition, with some of the scaffolding still about them, and you could either see the earth through their basements, or the sky through their top-floors. Then there were the heaps of rubble that are the usual concomitants of suburban building-grounds, whilst from sundry square back-gardens linen garments of a varied and curious nature, hung out to dry, fluttered in the evening wind. Where the brick-fields themselves were not covered with bricks the ground, devoid of grass, presented a broken, cut-up appearance, and was littered with planks and cinders, or at sundry places served as a receptacle for all the broken tin and earthenware of the population of the neighbourhood which, judging from its leavings, was evidently a large one. Still, even in this desert of rubbish and building-materials there were oases. Here and there from the blackened earth sprang little green tufts of a kind of wild parsley, the newly-opened leaves having a fern-like appearance. On the upper part of the hill there used at one time to be a field into which you might go without hindrance; but a huge, staring mound of clay had been raised at the edge, and rendered it impossible to tell whether the field were still green or not. Evidently, however, there must have been something good in it,

for a prominent notice warned off would-be trespassers. Such notices are not unfrequently seen guarding railed-in plots of land, which are advertised as "eligible for building purposes," that at the time contain nothing that a "trespasser" could damage. These prohibitions are distinct challenges to lovers of fields—and who does not prefer them in dry weather to the roads? and are accepted as such by the more daring, who immediately proceed to defy them. It seems as if the parties in possession said, "We are determined to teach you that you have no right to enjoy Nature—whether you do any harm or not—unless you pay rent!"

On reaching the brow of the hill whence the breezy view used to be obtained, I found that the work of house-making had begun to descend the other side slightly, and that as usual the house-maker's influence had gone before him blasting the face of the earth. It is notable that wherever he is at work Nature seems to despair of being fresh and sweet, deeming such effort to be of little use as destruction is at hand. The old inhabitants, too, seem to take the same view; to them, so long as the builder was at a distance, the "fields" were fields indeed, in which they had played when children, and in which their children also had played, and they naturally took a pride in seeing them look fresh and clean. But no sooner is the advancing line of new houses sighted, and they know the fields as such cannot last long, they too feel a contempt for them, and like the people in the new houses look upon them as a mere back-yard, or, still more insultingly, as a dust-bin. The hedges, which at one time presented here a welcome bushy and arborescent growth, were now broken down, indeed might scarcely be said to exist, whilst the few scattered trees stood with broken tops forlorn and wretched against the dull grey sky. The limbs of two standing close together formed a means of suspension for some carpets which an industrious person was beating vigorously, the monotonous "thud," "thud" of his strokes, together with the dust they produced passing out into the deepening twilight—a symbol of the commonplace spreading amid Ignorance. At the bottom of the fields where a road ran past the houses of the village stood a dirty pool at the edge of the grass, and into this the inhabitants had cast their broken pails and other iron-ware. Close by some gipsy caravans had halted, and their appearance raised in the mind the question as to how much longer these wanderers of the earth would be able to pursue their half-wild mode of life in the face of the growth of "civilisation." Two features only remained of the past virtues of the spot, viz., a cleaner and a greener field on the right in which some sheep grazed, and which was railed off, and bore a notice with the same old legend as to "Trespassers" &c.; and secondly, and better still, the grand view over the Lea Valley and the uplands of Essex.

It is something to rejoice at, that though the green field may shortly be built upon and the sheep slaughtered, the builder will be many years before he can obliterate this view, gradually spoil it though he may. Were the local authorities and their tax-paying supporters wise, they would cause to be laid out here a public square to which the future inhabitants of the neighbourhood might retreat, in moments when care hangs heavy, in order to refresh their spirits by the untrammelled view of sky, field, woodland, and distant township which this position would afford. There remains yet one thing which enterprising men have not been able to directly and completely tax, or to get rent or gate money for, and that is a view—an omission that arises not from want of will but from necessity; for though sometimes effected indirectly, yet a free view is always possible, even if only over the smoked-wreathed housetops, from some high part of the city.

Saddened by the sight of these things, I hurried through the village, along once rustic paths where the hedges had been pulled down to make room for wooden palings that shut in the small front gardens of new houses, making for an object which I knew would afford some relief, and that the fine old tower of Hornsey Church. Ancient ivy clings around it, close by stand the remains of a mighty oak that has much of its own antiquity, and within its shadow lie the remains of Thomas Moore's daughter and of Samuel Rogers. The age of the tower and its surroundings give it a character that lifts it out of the clack and rush of modern life, and both pleasure and sadness were derived from a parting look at its bold form rising strongly above the shadowy valley and slate-coloured horizon into the pale blue light of the western arch of the sky. There remained but one object more to visit, viz., the lane with chestnuts along it that used to look so pleasant in the moonlight. On reaching the entrance, I found, to my disgust, its passage forbidden by a board announcing that "Trespassers would be prosecuted!"

Returning homeward past the doomed fields, where the same industrious carpet-beater was still at work, I was soon immersed in the mass of houses which have lately sprung up, and are almost a town in themselves. It is only fair to say that the greater portion of them consisted of apparently clean and fresh-looking houses, and walking among them was well enough so long as the mutilated fields were not visible. "Why, then," murmurs a reader of a Gradgrind turn of mind, "do you waste time in all this grumbling? Houses must be built—people must live somewhere." True, friend, they must live somewhere, but is not the number of suburban houses far in excess of what is required? Such, at any rate, is the only conclusion that can be drawn from the facts that house property is said to have fallen in value lately, and from the number of speculative builders who become bankrupt. Besides, there is reason to believe that the population of London will not long continue to increase so rapidly, so strong is the feeling that a large portion of it must be returned to the soil, drawing in their train those who are necessary to minister to their requirements. Indeed, this very problem of over-building, with all its sanitary derangements, may be looked upon as one of the reasons why such a return to the soil should be hastened. "But then," says Gradgrind, suddenly grown philanthropic, "there are the advantages of well-built residences in the suburbs for toiling artisan, clerk, and professional man." This last argument sounds very pretty, but does not go very far when it is remembered that such "well-built" residences are only too often the scamped work of a builder whose name is "Jerry," and that for every yard you advance the new houses in the outskirts you set back by the same distance the older ones in the midst of the town. Would it not be better to make these latter more habitable, and not to lay the fields—already so distant as to be often practically out of reach of the poorer of us—under bricks and mortar until absolutely compelled to do so? And when such work is necessary, why defile, or dig up, the grass and the trees more than circumstances absolutely necessitate, or put up silly notices threatening prosecution against people who love to walk over a field when there is no likelihood that their so doing can cause any damage? These may seem little things to some, but a time may arise when local authorities more powerfully constituted will step in and arbitrarily forbid, in the public interests, the senseless spoliation of natural scenery in the neighbourhood of towns, or the selfish prohibition of the enjoyment of the same by any land-holding "dog in the manger."

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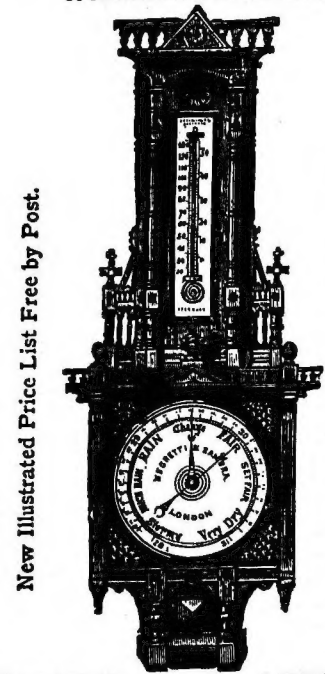
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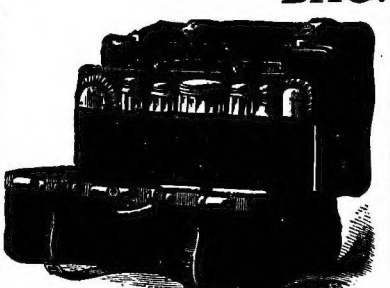
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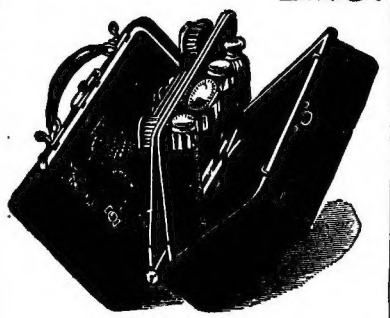
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